THE

SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL

AND

MAGAZINE OF ARTS.

New Series.] APRIL, 1838. [Vol.

B. R. CARROLL, EDITOR,
AUTHOR OF SEVERAL LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

CHARLESTON, S. C.
PRINTED BY J. S. BURGES, NO. 25 EAST-BAY.
1838.

CONTENTS.

Original Papers.

Memoir on Slavery—continued from No. 3. By Chancellor Harper, ... 241

Biographiana: Painters: Michael Angelo—Leonardo Da Vinci—Titian. Collected for the Southern Literary Journal, . . 252

Passages from the Life of Joanna I.—The Investiture. By Mrs. E. F. Ellet, ... 254

"I sigh for the Land of the Cypress and Pine." Written at the North by a Southern Traveller, ... 266

The encouragement of Literature, ... 266

Devil-fishing. By R. of Beaufort, ... 267

Sonnet.—The Wreath, ... 273

A Thought on Dress: The character of *Simplex*. By Bachelor R. 274

The Hunter of Calawassee.—A Legend, taken from "Southern Passages and Pictures." By the author of "The Yemassee," "Atalantis," &c. 277

The Man of Attetrina. By the Hon. Jesse B. Richardson, . . 281

The Blind Mother. By M. E. L. 288

Ehrbranheit:—An account of wanderings and adventures in New York and on the Hudson. By E. B. H. 292

Fragment, ... 299

Autography:—Mr. Tefft's collection of Autographs.—Original letters of William Moultrie, Henry Laurens, Lord Stirling, Thomas Paine, and Israel Putnam; with a fac simile of the hand-writing of each, and a biographical notice appended. By D. K. Whittaker, Esq. 300

Editor's Port Folio.

The Westminster Review and Harriet Martineau, ... 314

Diary Illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth, . . . 316

The Great Metropolis.—Second series, ... 319

Alabama University.—Dr. Manly, ... 320

The Drama:—The New Theatre, ... 320

SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL.

NEW SERIES.] APRIL, 1838. [VOL. 3.—No. 4.

MEMOIR ON SLAVERY—CONTINUED FROM NO. III.

It is worthy of remark that there does not now exist on the face of the earth, a people in a tropical climate, or one approaching to it, where slavery does not exist, that is in a state of high civilization, or exhibits the energies which mark the progress towards it. Mexico and the South American republics,* starting on their new career of independence, and having gone through a farce of abolishing slavery, are rapidly degenerating, even from semi-barbarism. The only portion of the South American continent which seems to be making any favorable progress, in spite of a rich and arbitrary civil government, is Brazil, in which slavery has been retained. Cuba, of the same race with the continental republics, is daily and rapidly advancing in industry and civilization; and this is owing exclusively to her slaves. St. Domingo is struck out of the map of civilized existence, and the British West Indies will shortly be so. On the other continent, Spain and Portugal are degenerate, and their rapid progress is downward. Their southern coast is infested by disease, arising from causes which industry might readily overcome, but that industry they will never exert. Greece is still barbarous and scantily peopled. The work of an English physician distinguished by strong sense and power of observation,† gives a most affecting picture of the condition of Italy,—

* The author of England and America thus speaks of the Colombian republic: "During some years, this colony has been an independent state; but the people dispersed over this vast and fertile plains, have almost ceased to cultivate the good land at their disposal; they subsist principally, many of them entirely on the flesh of wild cattle; they have lost most of the arts of civilized life; not a few of them are in a state of deplorable misery; and if they should continue, as it seems probable they will, to retrograde as at present, the beautiful pampas of Buenos Ayres will soon be fit for another experiment in colonization. Slaves, black or yellow, would have cultivated those plains, would have kept together, would have been made to assist each other; would, by keeping together and assisting each other, have raised a surplus produce exchangeable in distant markets; would have kept their masters together for the sake of markets; would, by combination of labor, have preserved among their masters the arts and habits of civilized life." Yet this writer, the whole practical effect of whose work, whatever he may have thought or intended, is to show the absolute necessity, and immense benefits of slavery, finds it necessary to add, I suppose, in deference to the general sentiment of his countrymen, "that slavery might have done all this, seems not more plain, than that so much good would have been bought too dear, if its price had been slavery." Well may we say that the word makes men mad.

† Johnson on Change of Air.

especially south of the Appenines. With the decay of industry, the climate has degenerated towards the condition from which it was first rescued by the labor of slaves. There is poison in every man's veins, affecting the very springs of life; dulling or extinguishing, with the energies of the body, all energy of mind, and often exhibiting itself in the most appalling forms of disease. From year to year the pestilential atmosphere creeps forward, narrowing the circles within which it is possible to sustain human life. With disease and misery, industry still more rapidly decays, and if the process goes on, it seems that Italy too will soon be ready for another experiment in colonization.

Yet once it was not so, when Italy was possessed by the masters of slaves; when Rome contained her millions, and Italy was a garden; when their iron energies of body corresponded with the energies of mind which made them conquerors in every climate and on every soil; rolled the tide of conquest, not as in later times, from the South to the North; extended their laws and their civilization, and created them Lords of the earth.

> "What conflux issuing forth or entering in;
> Prætors, pro-consuls to their provinces,
> Hasting, or on return in robes of state.
> Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,
> Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings:
> Or embassies from regions far remote,
> In various habits, on the Appian road,
> Or on th' Emilian; some from farthest South,
> Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
> Meroe, Nilotic isle, and more to West,
> The realms of Bocchus to the Blackmoor sea;
> From th' Asian kings, and Parthian among these;
> From India and the golden Chersonese,
> And utmost India's isle, Taprobana,
> Dusk faces, with white silken turbans wreathed;
> From Gallia, Gades and the British West;
> Germans, and Scythians, and Sarmatians, North
> Beyond Danubius to the Tauric Pool!
> All nations now to Rome obedience pay."

Such was and such is the picture of Italy. Greece presents a contrast not less striking. What is the cause of the great change? Many causes, no doubt, have occurred; but though

> "War, famine, pestilence, and flood and fire
> Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride,"

I will venture to say that nothing has dealt upon it more heavily than the loss of domestic slavery. Is not this evident? If they had slaves, with an energetic civil government, would the deadly miasma be permitted to overspread the Campagna and invade Rome herself? Would not the soil be cultivated, and the wastes reclaimed? A late traveller* mentions a canal, cut for miles through rock and mountain,

* Eight days in the Abruzzi.—*Blackwood's Magazine, November*, 1835.

for the purpose of carrying off the waters of the lake of Celano, on which thirty thousand Roman slaves were employed for eleven years, and which remains almost perfect to the present day. This, the government of Naples was ten years in repairing with an hundred workmen. The imperishable works of Rome which remain to the present day, were for the most part executed by slaves. How different would be the condition of Naples, if for her wretched lazzaroni were substituted negro slaves, employed in rendering productive the plains whose fertility now serves only to infect the air!

To us, on whom this institution is fastened, and who could not shake it off, even if we desired to do so, the great republics of antiquity offer instruction of inestimable value. They teach us that slavery is compatible with the freedom, stability and long duration of civil government, with denseness of population, great power, and the highest civilization. And in what respect does this modern Europe, which claims to give opinions to the world, so far excel them—notwithstanding the immense advantages of the christian religion and the discovery of the art of printing? They are not more free, nor have performed more glorious actions, nor displayed more exalted virtue. In the higher departments of intellect—in all that relates to taste and imagination—they will hardly venture to claim equality. Where they have gone beyond them in the results of mechanical philosophy, or discoveries which contribute to the wants and enjoyments of physical life, they have done so by the help of means with which they were furnished by the Grecian mind—the mother of civilization—and only pursued a little further the tract which that had always pointed out. In the development of intellectual power, they will hardly bear comparison. Those noble republics in the pride of their strength and greatness, may have anticipated for themselves—as some of their poets did for them, an everlasting duration and predominance. But they could not have anticipated, that when they had fallen under barbarous arms, that when arts and civilization were lost, and the whole earth in darkness—the first light should break from their tombs—that in a renewed world, unconnected with them by ties of locality, language or descent, they should still be held the models of all that is profound in science, or elegant in literature, or all that is great in character, or elevated in imagination. And perhaps when England herself, who now leads the war with which we are on all sides threatened, shall have fulfilled her mission, and like the other glorious things of the earth, shall have passed away; when she shall have diffused her noble race and noble language, her laws, her literature and her civilization, over all quarters of the earth, and shall perhaps be overrun by some Northern horde—sunk into an ignoble and anarchical democracy,* or subdued to the dominion of some Cæsar,—demagogue and despot,—there, in Southern regions, there may be found many

* I do not use the word democracy in the Athenian sense, but to describe the government in which the slave and his master have an equal voice in public affairs.

republics, triumphing in Grecian arts and civilization, and worthy of British descent and Roman institutions.

If after a time, when the mind and almost the memory of the republic were lost, Romans degenerated, they furnish conclusive evidence that this was owing not to their domestic, but to their political slavery. The same thing is observed over all the eastern monarchies; and so it must be, wherever property is insecure, and it is dangerous for a man to raise himself to such eminence by intellectual or moral excellence, as would give him influence over his society. So it is in Egypt; and the other regions bordering the Mediterranean which once comprehended the civilization of the world, where Carthage, Tyre and Phœnecia flourished. In short, the uncontradicted experience of the world is, that in Southern States where good government and predial and domestic slavery are found, there are prosperity and greatness; where either of these conditions is wanting, degeneracy and barbarism. The former however is equally essential in all climates and under all institutions. And can we suppose it to be the design of the creator, that these regions, constituting half of the earth's surface, and the more fertile half and more capable of sustaining life, should be abandoned forever to depopulation and barbarism? Certain it is that they will never be reclaimed by the labonr of freemen. In our own country, look at the lower valley of the Mississippi, which is capable of being made a far greater Egypt. In our own state, there are extensive tracts of the most fertile soil, which are capable of being made to swarm with life. These are at present pestilential swamps, and valueless, because there is abundance of other fertile soil in more favorable situations, which demand all and more than-all the labour which our country can supply. Are these regions of fertility to be abandoned at once and forever to the alligator and tortoise—with here and there perhaps a miserable, shivering, crouching *free* black savage? Does not the finger of heaven itself seem to point to a race of men—not to be enslaved by us but already enslaved, and who will be in every way benefitted by the change of masters—to whom such climate is not uncongenial, who though disposed to indolence are yet patient and capable of labor, on whose whole features, mind and character, nature has indelibly written—slave;—and indicate that we should avail ourselves of these in fulfilling the first great command to subdue and replenish the earth.

It is true that this labor will be dearer than that of northern countries, where under the name of freedom, they obtain cheaper and perhaps better slaves. Yet it is the best we can have, and this too has its compensation. We see it compensated at present by the superior value of our agricultural products. And this superior value they must probably always have. The Southern climate admits of a greater variety of productions. Whatever is produced in Northern climates, the same thing, or something equivalent, may be produced in the Southern. But the Northern have no equivalent for the products of Southern climates. The consequence will be, that the

products of Southern regions will be demanded all over the civilized world. The agricultural products of Northern regions are chiefly for their own consumption. They must therefore apply themselves to the manufacturing of articles of luxury, elegance, convenience or necessity,—which requires cheap labor—for the purpose of exchanging them with their Southern neighbors. Thus nature herself indicates that agriculture should be the predominating employment in Southern countries, and manufactures in Northern. Commerce is necessary to both—but less indispensable to the Southern, which produce within themselves a greater variety of things desirable to life. They will therefore have somewhat less of the commercial spirit. We must avail ourselves of such labor as we can command. The slave must labour and is inured to it; while the necessity of energy in his government, of watchfulness, and of preparation and power to suppress insurrection, added to the moral force derived from the habit of command, may help to prevent the degeneracy of the master.

The task of keeping down insurrection is commonly supposed, by those who are strangers to our institutions, to be a very formidable one. Even among ourselves; accustomed as we have been to take our opinions on this as on every other subject, ready formed from those whom we regarded as instructors, in the teeth of our own observation and experience, fears have been entertained which are absolutely ludicrous. We have been supposed to be nightly reposing over a mine, which may at any instant explode to our destruction. The first thought of a foreigner sojourning in one of our cities, who is awakened by any nightly alarm, is of servile insurrection and massacre. Yet if any thing is certain in human affairs, it is certain and from the most obvious considerations, that we are more secure in this respect than any civilized and fully peopled society upon the face of the earth. In every such society, there is a much larger proportion than with us, of persons who have more to gain than to lose by the overthrow of government, and the embroiling of social order. It is in such a state of things that those who were before at the bottom of society, rise to the surface. From causes already considered, they are peculiarly apt to consider their sufferings the result of injustice and misgovernment, and to be rancorous and embittered accordingly. They have every excitement therefore of resentful passion, and every temptation which the hope of increased opulence, or power or consideration can hold out, to urge them to innovation and revolt. Supposing the same disposition to exist in equal degree among our slaves, what are their comparative means or prospect of gratifying it? The poor of other countries are called free. They have, at least, no one interested to exercise a daily and nightly superintendence and control over their conduct and actions. Emissaries of their class may traverse, unchecked, every portion of the country, for the purpose of organizing insurrection. From their greater intelligence, they have greater means of communicating with each other. They may procure and secrete arms. It is not alone the ignorant, or those who are commonly call-

ed the poor, that will be tempted to revolution. There will be many disappointed men and men of desperate fortune—men perhaps of ta lent and daring—to combine them and direct their energies. Even those in the higher ranks of society who contemplate no such result, will contribute to it, by declaiming on their hardships and rights.

With us, it is almost physically impossible, that there should be any very extensive combination among the slaves. It is absolutely impossible that they should procure and conceal efficient arms. Their emissaries traversing the country, would carry their commission on their foreheads. If we suppose among them an individual of sufficient talent and energy to qualify him for a revolutionary leader, he could not be so extensively known as to command the confidence, which would be necessary to enable him to combine and direct them. Of the class of freemen, there would be no individual so poor or degraded (with the exception perhaps of here and there a reckless and desperate outlaw and felon) who would not have much to lose by the success of such an attempt; every one therefore would be vigilant and active to detect and suppress it. Of all impossible things, one of the most impossible would be a successful insurrection of our slaves, originating with themselves.

Attempts at insurrection have indeed been made—excited, as we believe, by the agitation of the abolitionists and declaimers on slavery; but these have been in every instance promptly suppressed. We fear not to compare the riots, disorder, revolt and bloodshed which havbeen committed in our own, with those of any other civilized communities, during the same lapse of time. And let it be observed under what extraordinary circumstances our peace has been preserved. For the last half century, one half of our population has been admonished in terms the most calculated to madden and excite, that they are the victims of the most grinding and cruel injustice and oppression. We know that these exhortations continually reach them, through a thousand channels which we cannot detect, as if carried by the birds of the air—and what human being, especially when unfavorably distinguished by outward circumstances, is not ready to give credit when he is told that he is the victim of injustice and oppression? In effect, if not in terms, they have been continually exhorted to insurrection. The master has been painted a criminal, tyrant and robber, justly obnoxious to the vengeance of God and man, and they have been assured of the countenance and sympathy, if not of the active assistance of all the rest of the world. We ourselves have in some measure pleaded guilty to the impeachment. It is not long since a great majority of our free population, servile to the opinions of those whose opinions they had been accustomed to follow, would have admitted slavery to be a great evil, unjust and indefensible in principle, and only to be vindicated by the stern necessity which was imposed upon us. Thus stimulated by every motive and passion which ordinarily actuate human beings—not as to a criminal enterprize, but as to something generous and heroic—what has been the result? A few

imbecile and uncombined plots—in every instance detected before they broke out into action, and which perhaps if undetected would never haye broken into action. One or two sudden, unpremeditated attempts, frantic in their character, if not prompted by actual insanity, and these instantly crushed. As it is, we are not less assured of safety, order and internal peace than any other people; and but for the pertinacious and fanatical agitation of the subject, would be much more so.

This experience of security however should admonish us of the folly and wickedness of those who have sometimes taken upon themselves to supersede the regular course of law, and by rash and violent acts to punish supposed disturbers of the peace of society. This can admit of no justification or palliation whatever. Burke I think somewhere remarks something to this effect,—that when society is in the last stage of depravity—when all parties are alike corrupt, and alike wicked and unjustifiable in their measures and objects, a good man may content himself with standing neuter, a sad and disheartened spectator of the conflict between the rival vices. But are we in this wretched condition? It is fearful to see with what avidity the worst and most dangerous characters of society seize on the occasion of obtaining the countenance of better men, for the purpose of throwing off the restraints of law. It is always these who are most zealous and forward in constituting themselves the protectors of the public peace. To such men—men without reputation or principle or stake in society—disorder is the natural element. In that, desperate fortunes and the want of all moral principle and moral feeling constitute power. They are eager to avenge themselves upon society. Anarchy is not so much the absence of government as the government of the worst—not aristocracy but kakistocracy—a state of things, which to the honor of our nature, has seldom obtained amongst men, and which perhaps was only fully exemplified during the worst times of the French revolution, when that horrid hell burnt with its most horrid flame. In such a state of things, to be accused is to be condemned—to protect the innocent is to be guilty; and what perhaps is the worst effect, even men of better nature, to whom their own deeds are abhorrent, are goaded by terror to be forward and emulous in deeds of guilt and violence. The scenes of lawless violence which have been acted in some portions of our country, rare and restricted as they have been, have done more to tarnish its reputation than a thousand libels. They have done more to discredit, and if any thing could, to endanger, not only our domestic, but our repnblican institutions, than the abolitionists themselves. Men can never be permanently and effectually disgraced but by themselves, and rarely endangered but by their own injudicious conduct, giving advantage to the enemy. Better, far better, would it be to encounter the dangers with which we are supposed to be threatened, than to employ such means for averting them. But the truth is, that in relation to this matter, so far as respects actual insurrection, when alarm is once excited, danger is absolutely at an end.

Society can then employ legitimate and severe effectual measures for its own protection. The very commission of such deeds, is proof that they are necessary. Let those who attempt them then, or make any demonstration towards them, understand that they will meet only the discountenance and abhorrence of all good men, and the just punishment of the laws they have dared to outrage.

It has commonly been supposed, that this institution will prove a source of weakness in relation to military defence against a foreign enemy. I will venture to say that in a slave holding community, a larger military force may be maintained permanently in the field, than in any State where there are not slaves. It is plain that almost the whole of the able bodied free male population, making half of the entire able bodied male population, may be maintained in the field, and this without taking in any material degree from the labour and resources of the country. In general the labor of our country is performed by slaves. In other countries, it is their laborers that form the material of their armies. What proportion of these can be taken away without fatally crippling their industry and resources? In the war of the revolution, though the strength of our state was wasted and paralyzed by the unfortunate divisions which existed among ourselves, yet it may be said with general truth, that every citizen was in the field and acquired much of the qualities of the soldier.

It is true that this advantage will be attended with its compensating evils and disadvantages; to which we must learn to submit, if we are determined on the maintenance of our institutions. We are, as yet, hardly at all aware how little the maxims and practices of modern civilized governments will apply to us. Standing armies, as they are elsewhere constituted, we cannot have; for we have not, and for generations cannot have the materials out of which they are to be formed. If we should be involved in serious wars, I have no doubt but that some sort of conscription, requiring the services of all citizens for a considerable term, will be necessary. Like the people of Athens, it will be necessary that every citizen should be a soldier, and qualified to discharge efficiently the duties of a soldier. It may seem a melancholy consideration, that an army so made up should be opposed to the disciplined mercenaries of foreign nations. But we must learn to know our true situation. But may we not hope, that made up of superior materials, of men having home and country to defend; inspired by higher pride of character, of greater intelligence and trained by an effective, though honorable discipline, such an army will be more than a match for mercenaries. The efficiency of an army is determined by the qualities of its officers, and may we not expect to have a greater proportion of men better qualified for officers, and possessing the true spirit of military command. And let it be recollected that if there were otherwise reason to apprehend danger from insurrection, there will be the greatest security when there is the largest force on foot within the country. Then it is that any such attempt would be most instantly and effectually crushed.

And perhaps a wise foresight should induce our State to provide, that it should have within itself such military knowledge and skill as may be sufficient to organize, discipline and command armies, by establishing a military academy or school of discipline. The school of the militia will not do for this. From the general opinion of our weakness, if our country should at any time come into hostile collision, we shall be selected for the point of attack; making us, according to Mr. Adams' anticipation, the Flanders of the United States. Come from what quarter it may, the storm will fall upon us. It is known that lately when there was apprehension of hostility with France, the scheme was instantly devised of invading the Southern States and organizing insurrection. In a popular English periodical work, I have seen the plan suggested by an officer of high rank and reputation in the British army, of invading the Southern States at various points and operating by the same means. He is said to be a gallant officer, and certainly had no conception that he was devising atrocious crime, as alien to the true spirit of civilized warfare, as the poisoning of streams and fountains. But the folly of such schemes is no less evident than their wickedness. Apart from the consideration of that which experience has most fully proved to be true—that in general their attachment and fidelity to their masters is not to be shaken, and that from sympathy with the feelings of those by whom they are surrounded, and from whom they derive their impressions, they contract no less terror and aversion towards an invading enemy; it is manifest that this recourse would be an hundred fold more available to us than to such an enemy. They are already in our possession, and we might at will arm and organize them in any number that we might think proper. The Helots were a regular constituent part of the Spartan armies. Thoroughly acquainted with their characters and accustomed to command them, we might use any strictness of discipline which would be necessary to render them effective, and from their habits of subordination already formed, this would be a task of less difficulty. Though morally most timid, they are by no means wanting in physical strength of nerve. They are excitable by praise; and directed by those in whom they have confidence, would rush fearlessly and unquestioning upon any sort of danger. With white officers and accompanied by a strong white cavalry, there are no troops in the world from whom there would be so little reason to apprehend insubordination or mutiny.

This I admit might be a dangerous resource, and one not to be resorted to but in great extremity. But I am supposing the case of our being driven to extremity. It might be dangerous to disband such an army, and reduce them with the habits of soldiers, to their former condition of laborers. It might be found necessary, when once embodied to keep them so, and subject to military discipline—a permanent standing army. This in time of peace would be expensive, if not dangerous. Or if at any time we should be engaged in hostilities with our neighbors, and it were thought advisable to send such an army abroad to conquer settlements for themselves, the invaded re-

gions might have occasion to think that the scourge of God was again let loose to afflict the earth.

President Duer has very fully shown how utterly vain are the fears of those, who though there may be no danger for the present, yet apprehend great danger for the future, when the number of slaves shall be greatly increased. He has shown that the large and more condensed the society becomes, the easier it will be to maintain subordination, supposing the relative numbers of the different classes to remain the same—or even if there should be a very disproportionate increase of the enslaved class. Of all vain things, the vainest and that in which man most shows his impotence and folly, is the taking upon himself to provide for a very distant future—at all events by any material sacrifice of the present. Though experience has shown that revolutions and political movements—unless when they have been conducted with the most guarded caution and moderation—have generally terminated in results just the opposite of what was expected from them, the angry ape will still play his fantastic tricks, and put in motion machinery, the action of which he no more comprehends or foresees than he comprehends the mysteries of infinity. The insect that is borne upon the current, will fancy that he directs its course. Besides the fear of insurrection and servile war, there is also alarm lest when their numbers shall be greatly increased, their labor will become utterly unprofitable, so that it will be equally difficult for the master to retain and support them, or to get rid of them. But at what age of the world is this likely to happen? At present, it may be said that almost the whole of the Southern portion of this continent is to be subdued to cultivation; and in the order of providence, this is the task allotted to them. For this purpose, more labour will be required for generations to come than they will be able to supply. When that task is accomplished, there will he many objects to which their labour may be directed.

At present they are employed in accumulating individual wealth, and this in one way, to wit, as agricultural labourers—and this is perhaps the most useful purpose to which their labour can be applied. The effect of slavery has not been to counteract the tendency to dispersion, which seems epidemical among our countrymen, invited by the unbounded extent of fertile and unexhausted soil, though it counteracts many of the evils of dispersion. All the customary trades, professions and employments, except the agricultural, require a condensed population for their profitable exercise. The agriculturist who can command no labor but that of his own hands or that of his family, must remain comparatively poor and rude. He who acquires wealth by the labor of slaves, has the means of improvement for himself and his children. He may have a more extended intercourse, and consequently means of information and refinement, and may seek education for his children where it may be found. I say, what is obviously true, that he has the *means* of obtaining those advantages; but I say nothing to palliate or excuse the conduct of him, who having such means neglects to avail himself of them.

I believe it to be true, that in consequence of our dispersion, tho' individual wealth is acquired, the face of the country is less adorned and improved by useful and ornamental public works, than in other societies of more condensed population, where there is less wealth. But this is an effect of that, which constitutes perhaps our most conspicuous advantage. Where population is condensed, they must have the evils of condensed population. and among these is the difficulty of finding profitable employment for capital He who has accumulated even an inconsiderable sum, is often puzzled to know what use to make of it. Ingenuity is therefore tasked to cast about for every enterprise which may afford a chance of profitable investment. Works useful and ornamental to the country, are thus undertaken and accomplished, and though the proprietors may fail of profit, the community no less receives the benefit. Among us, there is no such difficulty. A safe and profitable method of investment is offered to every one who has capital to dispose of, which is further recommended to his feelings by the sense of independence and the comparative leisure, which the employment affords to the proprietor engaged in it. It is for this reason that few of our citizens engage in the pursuits of commerce. Though these may be more profitable, they are also more hazardous and more laborious.

When the demand for agricultural labour shall be fully supplied, then of course the labour of slaves will be directed to other employments and enterprises. Already it begins to be found, that in some instances it may be used as profitably in works of public improvement. As it becomes cheaper and cheaper, it will be applied to more various purposes and combined in larger masses. It may be commanded and combined with more facility than any other sort of labour; and the labourer, kept in stricter subordination, will be less dangerous to the security of society than in any other country, which is crowded and overstocked with a class of what are called free laborers. Let it be remembered that all the great and enduring monuments of human art and indnstry—the wonders of Egypt—the everlasting works of Rome—were created by the labor of slaves. There will come a stage in our progress when we shall have facilities for executing works as great as any of these—more useful than the pyramids—not less magnificent than the Mediterranean sea. What the end of all is to be; what mutations lie hid in the womb of the distant future; to what convulsions our societies may be exposed—whether the master, finding it impossible to live with his slaves, may not be compelled to abandon the country to them—of all this it were presumptuous and vain to speculate.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT NUMBER.

BIOGRAPHIANA.

COLLECTED FOR THE SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL.

PAINTERS.

MICHAEL ANGELO.—"Of all the great masters in painting," says Montesquieu, in his posthumous works, "that Italy ever produced, Michael Angelo is the most to be celebrated for giving digni- to the subjects of his pictures. With his famous statue of Bacchus, in the gallery at Florence, he does not do what the Flemish artists would have done, who would have exhibited the god of wine as reeling, and nearly in the air. This attitude is unworthy the majesty of a god. Angelo paints him firm upon his legs, but he gives him in so graceful a manner the cheerfulness of ebriety, and the pleasure that he has in seeing the wine flow as it falls into the cup, that nothing can be more admirable.

"In his picture of the Passion of Our Saviour, in the same gallery, he has painted the Virgin Mary standing by the side of the cross, without any expression of pity or grief in her countenance, without tears, and without concern. He supposes her sufficiently informed and penetrated with the truth of that divine mystery which her son died to consummate, and on that account makes her bear the sight of his sufferings and death with an impressive and dignificd resignation.

"Not contented with imitating the immense space of the Pantheon, he was not satisfied till he had hung up even the dome of St. Peter's in the air, and added difficulty to sublimity. Every thing, in short," continues the illustrious President, "that Michael Angelo ever did bears the stamp of greatness; he is as great in his very sketches as Virgil is in his unfinished verses."

LEONARDO DA VINCI.—This great painter appears to have worked with great difficulty. In painting the portrait of the Ioconda he expended four months; that his patience, however, might not be exhausted, he had always some musicians in the room where he was sitting.

His great work is his Last Supper, formerly in the Dominican convent at Milan. It is reported of this picture, that the artist began with the Apostles, one by one, and finished with the figure of their Divine Master; working up his imagination by degrees, till it came to its height in the principal figure. He wrote an excellent Treatise on Painting, which falling into the hands of Annibal Caracchi at a certain time of life, "I am sorry," said he, "that

I did not meet with it sooner, it would have saved me twenty years of labour."

TITIAN.—As this great artist was one day painting the portrait of Charles the Fifth, the pencil fell from his hands. The Emperor picked it up and presented it to him, who made many apologies: "The portrait of Apelles," replied the Emperor very nobly, "should be picked up by Cæsar."

Titian painted the Emperor very often, who said, "that he had as often received immortality from the hands of Titian."

This artist had painted a picture of the illustrious persons of the house of Austria. The Emperor insisted that his portrait should be inserted with theirs. Titian was afterwards ennobled by Charles, created Count of the Empire, and decorated by him with the order of St. Jago.

While Titian was working, Aretin often read to him; and the learning and the imagination of the poet inspirited the efforts of the painter.

Michael Angelo said of Titian, "that he was the only painter; and Rubens and Vandyke in early life copied him." Happy would it have been for them had they persisted in pursuing his chaste impasto manner, and not given into a style of colour more splendid yet less natural.

The sight of this great artist in the latter part of his life became much weakened; this made him attempt to heighten the common colouring of his pictures, and to retouch them. The pupils, who were more attentive to the honour of their master in the art than he was himself, used to mix his colours with olive oil.

This, however, was not, it seems, the only folly of Titian's age: he married a very young wife, which disproportionate alliance, no doubt, hastened the death of him who had so often conferred life upon others; and confirmed the melancholy observation of that excellent Prince Louis XII. of France, "Love is the king of young men, but the tyrant of the old."

Whoever would wish to see the pictures of Titian in their utmost possible perfection, should visit Spain; the warm and dry air of that country having still preserved the brilliancy of his colours. The colour is entirely gone in that sublime piece of the Cornaro family belonging to the Duke of Northumberland.

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF JOANNA I.

THE INVESTITURE.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

"I will keep my state—
Be like a king—and show my sail of greatness ——"
King Henry V.

"Look to the portals;
And with your best speed to the walls without;
Your arms—to arms!" *Sardanapalus.*

MOST imposing was the array of Durazzo's army, as, fresh from the pillage and devastation which had marked their progress through Italy, they drew nigh the gates of the Eternal City, where their chief was to receive in due form from the hand of Pope Urban, the crown of the Sicilies. The German and Italian nobles who had espoused the cause of Charles, and a few chosen Hungarian knights, surrounded his person; he was accompanied by Urban himself, who had come forth on this occasion to do honor to his distinguished vassal. The pontiff rode a milk white steed, with housings of scarlet cloth richly embroidered with gold; he was magnificently attired in his official robes, the triple tiara on his head; in his left hand he held the crozier; his right hand radiant with jewels, was stretched out frequently in act of benediction. The motion customary in the bestowal of blessing was so common that it was almost involuntary with the prelate, even when no devotional multitudes were kneeling in expectation of it.—As readily too, was that hand extended as a signal for the execution of cruelties, such as the imagination of a Nero might have devised! In emulation, it would seem, of the atrocious cold bloodedness of the execrated emperor, Urban is said to have 'read his breviary, while his ears were rejoiced with the cries of the victims he had caused to be tortured on suspicion!'

Two youths of noble birth, sumptuously arrayed, led the way holding the bridle of Urban's steed, ornamented with gold and tassels of crimson silk. On the Pope's right hand rode Durazzo, his person sheathed in armor of burnished steel encrusted with gold; in place of helmet he wore on his head merely the ducal coronet; from his left shoulder, attached by a violet ribbon, hung the cross given him by the pontiff, as if intimating that regard for the glory and interests of the church had chiefly induced him to head the crusade against Ivania. A rich velvet mantle deeply furred, lined with vair and sprinkled with fleurdelis, partly covered his armor. The horse he backed, a full blooded Arabian, was the same that had shared his toils in the Hungarian camp; the animal was nobly

formed, and shared the fiery spirit of his master. Chafed by the heavy *cordovan* of goat's leather and his covering of mail, and excited by the bustle around him, the eyes of the generons steed flashed fire; his large nostrils dilated, as if he already snuffed the air of carnage; and it was with no slight exertion of strength and skill that Charles controlled his impatience, for contrary to the custom on occasions of ceremony, the duke held the bridle with his own hand. Near him, was the Lady Margaret, mounted on a Spannish jennet, whose animation and spirit ill accorded with the pale and downcast looks of its rider. Her slender form was girt in a vest of cloth of gold; on her breast shone a lily wrought of precious stones—of ruby, crysolite and sapphire; her mantle was embroidered with fleurdelis of gold like that of her husband, and a girdle of gems encircled her waist. The coronet rested lightly on her parted hair; some locks allowed to escape from confinement, shadowed a brow and cheek, whose noble outline and transparence of complexion made amends for the want of regular beauty. Gentleness, bordering on timidity, was the prevailing and habitual expression of those features; she would gladly have shunned the glare of pomp, and mingled in the regal pageant only to gratify the ambition, and serve the policy, of her imperious lord.

The glow of sũn-set yet lingered in the west, when they approached Rome; but the city was already steeped in lustre, the principal streets being illuminated in honor of the guests of Urban. They were met by a company of two hundred cavaliers, armed with azure scarfs studded with lilies; these stood immoveable, awaiting the vast cavalcade, till they came within a bow shot of them; then suddenly dashing spurs into the flanks of their horses, they sprang forward a pace or two, and as suddenly divided, each party crossing the other's path by a picturesque and preconcerted movement, and ranged themselves in files on either side the ample road, lowering their weapons reverentially as the princely company passed between. Durazzo was delighted at the exhibition of horsemanship, not less than at the unexpected homage; and his pleasure was expressed by loud acknowledgments and praises. The knights were succeeded by a party of Roman nobles, magnificently arrayed, who came to welcome the visitors, with every demonstration of joy. The warlike music that accompanied their march, was heard far through the streets of Rome; the paved way was resplendent with myriads of torches, gleaming on either side; at the great entrance, a pageant of ancient days was prepared in their honor; for there stood solemnly decorated, the CARROCCIO. This sacred battle chariot, was invented in the eleventh century, by Eribert, Arch-bishop of Milan; and was adopted by all the cities of Italy, and used particularly in the contest between the Guelph

and Ghibelline parties, which agitated the Peninsula. Surrounded by warriors and trumpeters, it was the inspiring genius of the army; its movements were the signals of advance, of halt or of retreat; its sight refreshed and reanimated the troops; beside it they received reinforcements; it was the refuge of the flying; and no disgrace or misfortune was counted equal to its loss. It bore the national standard; in times of battle, a group of archers were frequently stationed in its front; while the leader with other distinguished personages, reclining against the pedestal, looked on and encouraged the soldiers to deeds of martial enterprise. A priest always accompanied it, to celebrate the mass every morning, and administer the necessary sacraments to the wounded and dying. The appearance of this honored chariot, added greatly to the solemnity of the scene. It was a lofty car, moving on four wheels, covered with purple cloth, and hung with banners of various devices. It was drawn by four white bulls, with housings of scarlet embroidered with the cross; in the midst of the platform was a species of pedestal, from which rose a tall staff wrapped with cloth; to this was attached a golden crucifix; and from its summit floated the standard of Rome—the ends of the broad banner, that stretched ten feet beyond the car, were sustained by the lances of two noble cavaliers, armed at all points. Many were the symbolic representations that decorated the car; there might be seen Strength, painted like an unchained lion; Prudence in female attire, with a mirror in her hand; Justice with her scales, leaning against a column; with groups of other virtues, which, says the quaint old chronicle, the Romans of that day displayed only in their blazonry. The base was surrounded by a double range of steps, within which the wheels revolved; candlesticks of silver, holding huge wax torches, were placed at intervals upon the steps, and lighted up the cumbrous machine. It rolled forward to meet the princes, the vast banner held by the two knights over their heads in the guise of a company; Urban first entering the city, followed by his noble vassals with their train of knights, esquires, pages, standard bearers and soldiers. It is impossible to describe the festal homage that greeted them; the streets were strewn with boughs and flowers; the windows illuminated; and the balconies hung with carpets and rich cloths, were peopled with men and women, to the very roofs of the dwellings; while the open doors of the numerous palaces were thronged. The services of sacristan and bell-ringer were in requisition; the acclamations of the multitude mingled with the clamor of cymbal, horn and trumpet; songs and dances, and sounds of revelry, might be heard in every street; here a jongleur shouted his merry lays to the clamorous crowd, or with cap in hand, called out largesse! there in the centre of a square, mounted on a table, with torches

at his feet, with lute in hand, a *Ciarlatan*,* sung the exploits of Charlemagne, of Orlando, or the other Paladins. Through the midst of these motley spectacles, passed the cavalcade to the palace of the Lateran; the immediate attendants of Duke Charles and his barons, in heavy armor, and wearing the badges of their respective lords on their shields or helmets, first filed on either side the way; next the mounted soldiers escorted their superiors to the gates of the pontifical abode.

On the following morning, a splendid company of prelates, magistrates and nobles, passed with the sound of trumpets to the palace where Durazzo had lodged, to escort him to the Lateran, where the Pope waited to join him. They proceeded to the cathedral, where Urban celebrated the mass, assisted by his bishops; the duke and duchess of Durazzo, clothed in white, kneeling upon rich cushions in the midst of the assembly. When the services was concluded, four ecclesiastics of high dignity led the royal pair to the steps of the altar; Urban took the Bull of Investiture from the sacred table, and read with a loud voice—

"We, Urban Sixth—Pope—the Servant of the servants of the Lord—with power delegated by our Lord Jesus Christ and the Prince of the apostles St. Peter—to provide for the greater glory of the church, committed by Omnipotent goodness to our care and government—do here ordain that the dominion and jurisdiction, fiefs, appurtenances, etc. of the Kingdom of the Sicilies, are passed away forever from the hands of the iniquitous woman, Joanna of Provence; against whom for her crimes, we have pronounced solemn sentence of excommunication. And we here invest our beloved son, Charles, Duke of Durazzo, with the dominion of said kingdom and all its territories; to appertain to him and to his heirs, male and female; the first born of the males inheriting,—upon condition, that he take oath of allegiance and fidelity to the Holy Church, and that he immediately fulfil the compact we have already concluded with him, as beseemeth a true vassal and son of the church."

The oath of allegiance was taken, one of the cardinals holding the Book of the Evangelists before the Duke and Duchess, who laid their hands upon it; Urban then took from the altar, two purple mantles, lined with ermine, and reached them to the cardinals, who threw them over the shoulders of the kneeling pair. Prostrate upon the altar steps, they received from the hand of the Pope, the consecrating unction, and the regal crown—presented on a table of silver. The pontiff, with spread hands, invoked the

* *Ciarlatano* was a corruption of Carlotanare or Carlocantare, a name given to the wandering minstrels who took for their themes the warlike deeds of Charlemagne.

Quere—Is the modern *Charlatan* thence derived.

presence of the Holy Spirit; the people answered the prayer by a confused devotional murmur; the bells sounded, proclaiming the ceremony at an end, and trumpets pealed forth notes of rejoicing. Without the doors burst forth a sudden and simultaneous shout,—"Live King Charles! Live Queen Margaret!" Urban descended; raised and kissed his royal vassals, and pronounced in Latin the concluding formula.*

Amidst the shouts of the populace, the newly invested sovereigns returned towards the palace of the Lateran. With Charles were many of the Italian and Roman nobles attached to his fortunes; there was the Cardinal Gentilis di Sangro, afterwards the Pope's Legate, a man who in gentleness of speech and mild manners, emulated the early disciples of the religion he professed, but whose real severity of temper assimilated more closely to that of his master Urban; there was the famous Count Barbiano, captain-general of the papal forces, whose valor strengthened the authority of the Holy See; with Francis and Butillo Prignano, the nephews of the Pope, eager for their promised share in the newly transferred sovereignty; there was the moody Duke of Andria, who seemed at times even repentant of the part he had assumed in the enterprise, and the wise and experienced Proto giudice, on whom Charles had bestowed the dignity of grand chancellor; and the young Robert Orsino, son of the Count di Nola, a bold and energetic soldier, who stood high in the favor of Durazzo; with many disaffected Neapolitan barons and cavaliers of fortune,—as they stopped at the palace, a page in the ducal liveries, approached Durazzo, and whispered a few words, intimating the arrival of a stranger from Naples. The duke dismounted with haste; and after a word to his companions, in excuse for thus abruptly quitting them, retired a few paces to the spot where the stranger awaited him.

It was a tall figure, in travelling gear; his hood partly thrown back, showed a thin pale countenance, lighted by a pair of light blue eyes, that glanced about with a rapidity, that gave to the face an expression of cunning and uneasy suspicion. His beard was uncut and tangled; his bushy hair hung in masses over his forehead; his shoulders had a peculiar stoop, which added to his air of ferocious craftiness; from his belt were suspended two short swords, the only weapons he wore about his person. He was accompanied by four or five armed attendants. Charles instantly recognized, and failed not to greet the uncouth stranger with warm demonstrations of welcome.

"Ha! our trusty and beloved Isernia! Thou hast sped well—thy look declares it—welcome—welcome to the heart of Durazzo!

* The description of many less important ceremonials is omitted; see *Giannone*—Storia di Napoli.

But say—what tidings from Naples?" cried he,—too impatient to wait for the leisure and privacy becoming the communications of his messenger, "Are our friends staunch?—Are the people ready for us? Speak at once; if the news be ill, it will come with better grace from thy lips!"

"All is well, my lord!" answered Leobald, emphatically, though in a low tone, nothing disconcerted by the rapidity and eagerness of the duke's enquiries, "in Naples and elsewhere—"

"Didst learn aught of the purposes of—of—"

"Of the Lady Joanna—my lord would say," interrupted the obsequious master of credence, "Aye,—Sanseverino's counsel hath prevailed with her; she has despatched ambassadors to implore the aid of France; and cancelling your letters of adoption, hath appointed Louis of Anjou heir to all her dominions."

"Now the Holy Saints be praised—and our Lady—for that she smiles on mine enterprise, if what thou sayest be true!" exclaimed the duke, grasping Leobald's hand with an eagerness of delight, which even his habitual self-command could not repress, "Thy tidings have lifted a burthen from my spirit that weighed me downward, spite of the soldier's courage! Thanks to the folly of her ministry," muttered he, "I march against Naples—not as the rebel in arms against his queen—but as the champion of my country, which she hath sold to the stranger!"

"The people claim you;" pursued Leobald, partaking his master's exultation, "Since the choice is not between Charles and Joanna, but between a native prince and a foreign yoke! Naples is your own—spite of Otho—if you delay not to take possession of it!"

"We will not delay—we will march this night—this hour—," cried Durazzo, impetuously, "Thou, Leobald, go with us—ever nearest in council or in strife! Seek out Orsino and De Baux, and acquaint them with our purpose—then attend me in the hall! I will to Urban; his promised stores and troops must follow us on the morrow!"

* * * * * * *

Durazzo found all but too well prepared for his design on approaching Naples; and his army was shortly encamped beneath the walls. Prince Otho of Brunswick, followed by his enemy to the very gates of the capital, was also there; he had stationed his forces in the vicinity of the towers of the Capuan gate, extending them towards Casanuova; while Charles occupied ground near the Bridge Gebeto. The adverse armies were close to each other; so close that the lineaments of each knight and soldier could be distinctly discerned by those of the other party, and many recognized former friends and brothers in arms, in those with whom they might be speedily engaged in deadly conflict.

Yet notwithstanding the perilous proximity of the rival hosts,

hours elapsed without a hostile movement on either side. Those who could observe the countenance of Prince Otho, as he passed to and fro among his troops, might have seen his brow contracted and darkened by contending thoughts, as if he measured mentally the inferiority of his forces, and his scanty means of resistance, and shrunk from the prospect of risking a decisive encounter which involved a hazard so mighty. The face of Durazzo, too, wore a deep cloud; his uneasiness was visible in every feature; it might be occasioned by his nervous impatience of doubt, or by his secret conviction of the instability of the people, whose favor he had taken such pains to gain—and of the impossibility of depending on their aid in any important struggle.

The latter part of the day had worn away in this state of perplexity, and the summer evening closed without any disturbance or tumult beyond the confused murmur, like the chafing of the oceantide, that rose from the armed myriads encamped beneath that transparent, but moonless sky. Charles stood in front of his tent, still moody and apparently undecided; the Legate and the Prince of Capua, so called in anticipation, were at his side, with Orsino and Leobald d'Isernia. Already lights were gleaming in every direction, fresh sentinels were stationed, and the troops were preparing to pass the night, when the shrill flourish of a single trumpet was heard, and in a few moments a herald and pursuivant stood before Prince Charles. The message was one of defiance to mortal combat, from the Prince of Brunswick to the Duke of Durazzo; and craved a free field on the morrow at sunrise; where the quarrel between them might be decided with their swords.—"Certain," the message ran, "that the judgment of God would not fail to uphold the righteous cause—the defence of an innocent queen—and smite to the dust the pretensions of a traitor!"

"What say you—my lords?" said Durazzo, in tones of careless scorn, though his frown expressed the darkest hatred, "Shall we disdain our advantages of situation and force, to honor this miscreant with the chastisement of our weapon?"

"Heaven forbid!" cried De Sangro, "It were too much grace, in truth, to give him hope of obtaining, by the chance of a single combat, what he well knows a pitched battle could never procure him!"

"I will wager my spurs," said Orsino, "that his challenge is the result of some secret plot with Sanseverino. He knows your prowess and your strength too well, my liege, to put his own singly against it."

"Yet he must not, shall not dare say we have shunned the encounter."

"Hear me for a moment, my lord," exclaimed Leobald d'Isernia,—and he whispered a few words in the duke's ear. The face

of Durazzo instantly brightened; he gave a hasty sign of assent, and turned to the messenger.

"Say to thy master," said he, sternly and haughtily, "that only within the walls of our capital will we receive his gage of battle! Then and there we are ready to deal vengeance on his crest, for his insults to our person and authority;—to the right arm of our brave host it belongs, to defend our cause."

While the messengers rode back with their answer, Isernia withdrew from the group, and was soon in busy colloquy with two captains of horse at no great distance. He proceeded accompanied by them and a small force under their command, along the sands, till they reached a spot near the gate Conceria. Here he was joined by a few persons on foot, with whom he held earnest and rapid conference, receiving apparently some intelligence of importance. With a flushed brow he then addressed the soldiers who had accompanied him.—

"Yonder gate," he said in a quick, low tone, "which is washed by the sea, is left unguarded and unbarred. We have friends within the city, who will receive us joyfully—yet, we must encounter some risk to join them. Are you ready, my brave men—all—to swim with me to the foot of yonder portal—to make good our entrance, and thence the entrance of the whole army—to the discomfiture of the followers of Clement?"

Leobald fixed his eyes earnestly on his men, to mark the slightest symptom of wavering or hesitation on the part of any one of them, to embrace his strange and perilous proposal. But it was not in the nature of the ardent Italian to shrink from any measure, however dangerous, that carried a promise of immediate success; little as the national temperament might qualify many of them to remain firm in any protracted struggle. He had not counted upon them in vain. There was a quick movement, as if the soldiers would have answered his proposition with a shout of eager acceptance; but so hazardous a demonstration was instantly repressed, though every eye flashed—and their weapons were flung upwards in significant silence. Leobald understood the gesture, and instantly plunged into the waves, followed by the whole troop. Without a word or a breath,steadily as the surge itself,when it rears its head riding swiftly over the sea's bosom, they swept on: the dash of their arms as they swam, scarcely heard above the murmur of waters on the quiet beach. They reached the gate; it was unbarred; and the whole band speedily found themselves in the streets of Naples, shrouded by the deepening darkness, and able easily to overpower the few guards stationed in that deserted quarter of the city.

"On Martuccio!—stay not to deal with these miscreants!" cried the exulting Leobald, "On—Bozzuto! to the market place!"

They reached the market place; a sudden loose was given to

ferocious joy; and from every tongue in that little band burst forth at once, the shout—*Viva Durazzo* and *Pope Urban!*

The cry was repeated from a thousand lips. The secret emissaries of Isernia had been zealously employed; the party in favor of Charles, were already waiting to receive and welcome the intruders. Their numbers rapidly swelled as their fierce shouts were heard; the queen's soldiers, surprised and dismayed, were slain or trampled in the tumult; along the principal streets, leading from the market to the interior of the city, rushed the living tide; and the appalling announcement, "Live Charles of Durazzo! Death to the queen!" was shouted at intervals, with ever increasing fury.

Meanwhile, the soldiers under the direction of Leobald, rushed in the direction of the great gate of the market, under which Durazzo was encamped. The suddenness and impetuosity of their charge rendered all resistance vain; they opened the gate; and with the fury of the torrent, thundering downward from its mountain bed, and overturning trees and rocks in its headlong course, poured in the troops of the duke; their banners and plumes flying, their weapons clashing; irresistible even from the impetus with which they came; headed by Charles himself, who rode in the front with the aspect of a victor, encouraging his men with voice and action. Quick as thought, a strong body of Hungarian men at arms, at a word from their leader, dashed towards the gate next the army of the Prince of Brunswick, and hastily secured and guarded it against entrance from without. The city was theirs; almost without a blow struck! Their precaution was in time; Otho, who hastened to throw himself into the entrance along with the enemy, found the portals barred, and troops of archers stationed on the towers, ready to repulse every effort at assault, which his surprised and disordered forces were capable of making. A shout from the followers of Alberigo Barbiano, who fell on his rear guard, mocked the misfortune of the baffled prince; his soldiers had soon enough to do to repel the foe without; while the clamor of fierce strife, the clash of swords, the peal of trumpets, the shouts of the victors and the wail of the vanquished, mingled in hoarse confusion—pierced, like steel, the ears of the unfortunate Otho, shut out from his part in the affray, and compelled to wreak his unavailing anger upon a few straggling adventurers.

During the whole of that eventful evening, whose close left her at the mercy of traitors, the queen, secluded within the walls of Castle Novo, with her attendant ladies and a few nobles of the court, who held offices about her person, and who had determined to share her fortunes to the last, had toiled to afford aid to the loyal barons within and without the city, sending orders, in rapid succession, to officials stationed in different quarters, and receiving notices from them, from time to time, of various disasters—omens

of greater evil, like mutterings of thunder heralding the impending tempest. Alarm and apprehension was painted on every visage around her; she alone maintained the dignified self-possession, which in every reverse of fortune had marked her deportment. On her countenance there was fearlessness and serenity; nay,—a more collected and haughtier composure than usual, showed her ability to meet, with equal spirit, the calamities in store for her, though inevitable and imminent.

We have before us an ancient painting, rough in execution but sublime in design, representing the Queen of Naples at this critical period. The royal apartment to which she has retired, is in the rude old fashioned architectural taste; there are narrow arched windows and cornices and brackets, decorated in defiance of symmetrical regularity; there are hangings that shake with the night wind, rushing through an hundred crevices in the lofty walls; there are lamps suspended from the arches, which throw a mellowed light over the inmates of the chamber. The stained windows open upon narrow balconies, from which may be discerned afar, like a dark sea, the expanse of houses and cupolas, stretching till sight is lost in the distance, the gloom occasionally broken by watch fires, or lights gleaming from some dwelling loftier than the rest. Joanna is standing, apparently absorbed in religious meditation, before an altar, behind which is an image of the Virgin; her dress is black; a veil is fastened in her hair, which falls backward, without concealing the outline of her noble figure. A crucifix is in her hands, and an Agnus Dei suspended from a small chain round her neck. Her eyes are lifted heavenward—and oh, the deep melancholy—the appealing suppliance—the meek resignation—the chastened submission—expressed in those princely features! There is anguish—but it is not for herself; her hands rest as in the act of benediction upon the heads of two fair beings who kneel on either side of her. One of them is a young girl, who has apparently not seen more than nineteen summers; yet though the juvenile delicacy of her form and features—the sunny and clustering hair—the rich complexion—the soft blue eyes, half shrouded by the snowy lids—the slender beauty of the arm and hand, that rest on the cushions in front of the altar—bespeak youth and dependence. There is something in the chiseled brow and lip, and in the occasional gleam of the downcast eyes—that show a capacity to endure and to achieve, beyond what her sex and years might promise. How often does the graceful and delicate frame,—delicate even to fragility, embody the lofty and dauntless spirit! The kneeling maiden is Clemence Collennucci, a young Neapolitan, whom the queen had cherished from her infancy; the other figure is that of Agnes, the widowed princess of Verona and the niece of the queen.

The fitful rushing of the wind from the vaulted galleries adjoin-

ing, sounded like the moan of one expiring; and from the distance, a coarse and confused clamor, like the roaring of the storm, rose from the bosom of the vast darkness, that hooded over the quarter of the city commanded by the casements. Ever and anon wild cries, some in execration of the Queen and Pope Clement, came to their ears; but the sounds, appalling as they were, deepened not the paleness on Joanna's cheek, nor caused a quicker throb of her bosom—for she was rapt at the moment, in higher thoughts than these of earth. Her companions, however, pressed close to her side, and kissed her hand and her robe with streaming eyes.

"Beloved!" said the queen, bending on them a look of the deepest affection, "can it be that he who strives to rob me of my crown, which God help me, hath proved but a sad burthen, will also envy me the dear comfort of your presence? Yet it may be—and we may soon be parted!"

"Never! we will never leave you!" sobbed the kneeling girl, while with looks her companion pledged the same vow, "not even the power of our enemies shall separate us! I swear it, by our lady—" she continued in a solemn tone, stretching her hands towards the shrine, "She hears us,—may her care avert sorrow from your head; but if misfortune is to be your lot, be it granted to us to suffer along with you; and may the Virgin send us death when we are denied the privilege—O beloved mistress—of mingling our tears with yours!"

The queen was deeply moved; she stooped to kiss the maiden's forehead, then looking devoutly towards the sacred image, implored a blessing on both. "Virgin most holy!" she cried in low tones of feeling, "bless thou their generous devotion, even as I with heart swelling with grateful love—do bless them in thy name!"

She sate down by the light of one of the torches, to a piece of embroidery, with which she was wont to beguile her weary hours, and which had, of late, often occupied her until past mid-night, when the whirl of busy thought denied her slumber. She wrought for a few moments in silence—but soon the frame fell from her hands; her hand drooped languidly upon her bosom, and her long dark tresses fell like a veil over her pale cheeks. Her companions gazed at her silently; for they deemed that weariness of body and mind had overpowered her, and that she slept. They were mistaken; for when the increasing confusion without, and the tramp of heavy footsteps along the galleries announced the approach of intruders—Joanna sprang quickly to her feet, and flinging back her loosened hair, stood up in collected calmness to receive those who entered.

It was Robert d'Artois, the husband of the queen's eldest niece Joanna of Durazzo, followed by the Protonotary Sanseverino. Alarm—despair—were in their looks, which belied not the tale

they had to tell; for they came to make known the successful stratagem of the enemy—and the fall of the city.

"My husband—Prince Otho—what of him?" was the first agonized enquiry of the queen.

"He is safe—he may yet succor us!" answered d'Artois, "But danger presses—we must provide ample defence instantly, and secure the castle. Our trusty Calabrese may hold this citadel, till the gallies from Provence are here!"

"Is the traitor already at our gates?" asked the queen—her eye flashing, her cheek kindling, as the deafening din burst on her ears, "Else what may mean this tumult, that shakes our very walls?"

The protonotary was about to speak, but d'Artois interrupted him,—

"It is nought—your highness," he answered, "but a body of the clergy of the new pope, and sundry of the aged nobles, with their dames and children, who hopeless of protection in the churches, besiege your gates for shelter against the triumphant enemy."

"And wherefore are they not admitted?" asked Joanna.—"Their cries will but betray them to slaughter."

D'Artois and Sanseverino exchanged looks of doubt and embarrassment; but when the queen eagerly repeated her question, the aged statesman spoke—

"My gracious sovereign—the time is past when you might yield without reserve to the voice of generosity and pity. There is a dearer treasure to be guarded for this hapless realm, than the lives of a few women and superannuated soldiers."

"Ha!" cried the queen, in piercing accents, as she caught the meaning of his words, "are they then to be repulsed? are they to be sent back from the very feet of their sovereign to certain death, or to agonies more dreadful? Shame on thee Sanseverino! Those aged men have spent their prime in my service—aye, would never have shrunk to lay down life at my bidding! And every daughter of Naples has a right, sacred as mine own—to the protection of these walls!"

"Yet, bethink you, royal mistress," interrupted Robert, "the provisions conveyed hither for the garrison and the royal suite, if we admit this fugitive multitude, must be consumed, ere we can hope for succor!"

"Then be it so!" was the stern reply, "I have lived for the good of Naples; I will die, if there be need, in the same cause. They shall share my last asylum—the aged, the needy, the defenceless; and be bread liberally distributed to all. We trust in God's aid; dare we show no pity to the helpless? Open the gates—and bid them welcome in my name!"

I SIGH FOR THE LAND OF THE CYPRESS AND PINE.

WRITTEN AT THE NORTH BY A SOUTHERN TRAVELLER.

I sigh for the land of the Cypress and Pine!
Where the Jessamine blooms, and the gay Woodbine;
Where the moss droops low from the green Oak tree,—
Oh! that sun-bright land is the land for me.

The snowy flower of the Orange there
Sheds its sweet fragrance through the air;
And the Indian Rose delights to twine
Its branches with the laughing Vine.

There the Deer leaps light through the open glade,
Or hides him far in the forest shade,
When the woods resound in the dewy morn
With the clang of the merry hunter's horn.

There the humming-bird of rainbow plume
Hangs o'er the scarlet Creeper's bloom;
While 'midst the leaves, his varying dyes
Sparkle like half seen fairy eyes.

There the echoes ring through the livelong day
With the mock-bird's changeful roundelay;
And at night when the scene is calm and still
With the moan of the plaintive whip-poor-will.

Oh! I sigh for the land of the Cypress and Pine,
Of the Laurel, the Rose, and the gay Woodbine;
Where the long gray moss decks the rugged Oak tree—
That sun-bright land is the land for me. D.

THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

MILTON received for the copy-right of his "Paradise lost" but £15; and even that small sum was made payable in three instalments of £5 each.

At the end of twelve months after the publication of Hume's "History of England," only forty-five copies of the work had sold.

Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" lay for a long time after its appearance, so much literary lumber on the shelves of his publisher.

The first of these works was brought into notice by the criticisms of Addison in the Spectator; the last, by the persevering recommendations of Lord Chesterfield.

DEVIL FISHING.

After all there is no sport, the world over, like the Fisherman's. What of your horseracing, theatre gazing, or tripping it down of a hot summer's night to the clatter of noteless pianos, split clarionets, cold iron triangles and crazy tambourines? No. Give me a tight boat, clean tackle, a few jolly friends and a warm pleasant sky, and adieu, ladies and gentlemen, to your dry land pastimes, as you have no zest for what are far richer I assure you, if they are more dearly bought. Pardon me if I can't dance to your piping—the fashion of the thing is gone—the soul that once animated it is dead—and is to have for *us* no resurrection.

Those who know any thing of our coast, will recollect the beautiful frith called the Broad-River, which comes up at about latitude 32° between Hilton Head and Jenkin's Island, for some miles into the interior; its margin at a distance fringed with tall green wood, descending to the water's edge, and varied here and there by clusters of white houses grouping in the prospect like fleets of sail at anchor, or by the glitter of a tributary river flowing down from the rich inlands beyond, or perhaps by an occasional glimpse of a cool vista leading the eye up to some cheerful retreat of hospitable wealth. All this region had been the theatre of many a revolutionary adventure, not yet passed from the memories of the living. But of late years Broad River was famous chiefly for its fine fishing. Drum in the spring—bass in autumn—and so on through the seasons. But a new object was now drawing the eyes of the curious. A nondescript creature unlike any thing before heard of in the Heavens above, or the earth beneath, had been seen twirling his giant form bat-like along the shores—now protruding his broad flaps in graceful curves above the surface, and now starting with the nimbleness of a silver-fish his full length into the air, and returning in a cloud of spray and foam into his native depths. Some called it the vampire, others the devil-fish; and not a few shaking their heads significantly, wished to know how it came to pass, that some *one* (nameless to "ears polite") had so much more countenance in these parts than formerly. Marvellous too were the tales of his doings in Broad River. He once took up the anchor of an eight oar boat, without the least provocation, and made off for sea with it, in spite of the outcries and struggles of the occupants, whom he would undoubtedly have left to the care of Providence among the breakers, but for the arrival of friends just in time to save the shivering adventurers from the gripe of their adversary. It was also said on the very best authority, that a fisherman once ran his boat aground on—

"Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam,"

and was about "casting anchor in his scaly rind" "deeming him some island," when dash went the oars, and away bounced the insulted monster, leaving the "night foundered skiff" tilting and trembling like a nut-shell in his wake. *Credat Judæus Apella.* All this, however, moved men not a little. No one dared to approach him in his slumber or to disturb his solitary gambols over the banks, until within a week or so, when he was harpooned outright in Skull Creek channel as he was "taking his pleasure" there, and after some hours of hot pursuit, escaped only by the barbs of the weapon tearing out of his body in the very crisis of complete conquest. But Piscator was there; what wonder if the shaft took effect which was wielded by such a hand!

But *paulo majora canamus.* The devil-fish might be taken; and we resolved to delay the adventure not a moment. On the morning of the 25th of August, three boats might be descried moving briskly from the Bay Point shore across Broad River, two of them furnished each with a harpoon, lances, cordage, et cet., manned by a party of high spirits, eager for the rapture of this new but perilous pastime. A number of amateurs had taken passage in the third boat, which was to lag behind, with a view to picking up whatever fell overboard from its companions in the confusion of the scuffle, on condition of being allowed to be always in a situation to escape seasonably from danger. The sun was already high; but a light breeze which came in from the sea relieved the intensity of its rays which descended on our heads through a bright liquid sky. The blubber, taking advantage of the flood, were seen in troops at our side, throbbing their bright silky forms towards the banks up the river. A shark now and then shot his fin across our track as he dashed into a shoal of fry, startling the whole glittering tribe into the air; while over our heads the sea-gull wended his easy flight, now swooping gracefully to the surface, and then rising on the wind with his dreary clack, reminding one of the cry of a doomed spirit.

We were now moving leisurely along the Hilton Head shore, looking out for our foe in one of his old haunts, about a large trunk which rose black with age and barnacles, some ten or fifteen feet above water. Not a sign of him was discovered. We looked in the direction of Scull Creek, but he was obviously not there, for the surface was as quiet as if he had never ruffled it. A glance towards the sea at our backs, gave us as little satisfaction. In the meantime, it was evident, from the water-marks on our left, that the flood was far advanced, and that the bank would soon be too deep to reach him if he came fishing upon it. Impatience was visible in every countenance.

"The day is fine enough," said P., "they ought to be hereabouts, for the boys saw them only yesterday."

"I have my doubts," said another, "as to every thing the rogues tell us, especially if a devil-fish is in the matter. You know their superstition."

"Ah gentlemen," exclaimed a third, rising from his seat, and gaping with ennui, "this comes of taking things too late; you should have followed my advice aud have come out earlier. As it is, I see we shall have no sport."

"Look on your right," shouted a voice from the other boat.

The whole party were in an instant on their feet. There they were to-be-sure. One, two, three; only a few hundred yards from us, rioting and tumbling fantastically over each others wakes.

"Where is the harpoon"—"the rifle"—"the rifle," exclaimed several voices at once.

"Gentlemen, do be quiet," said P. as he leaped on the forecastle, catching up at the same time the harpoon which lay on a coil of rope ready for use—"I have seen some of this service before: pray go aft and let me have a clear swing. By the way, Tom my son, hold up that umbrella,—there is no merit in spoiling your face unnecessarily. Why will you throw away Dr. Muhlenburg's instructions in this manner? Now boys to your oars."

A few brisk strokes brought us in the midst of the play-ground of the devil-fish, over a bank two or three fathoms deep. No part of their bodies was, however, to be seen; nothing but their broad dingy flaps, their coppered edges glancing to the sun, as they rose and sunk in graceful parabolas through the turbid brine. All besides was dark; it was not possible to know where to strike. Their motions too were so rapid and disorderly, and withal transiently perceptible, that it required our utmost efforts to shift our boat into available positions. But our *facile Princeps*, the master spirit of fishermen, was at the bow. An opportunity at last offered, and away went the harpoon, and in a twinkling the smallest fish disappeared; he had felt the touch of its keen edge, and instantly took fright. Another followed his example, leaving the bank in possession of one who now seemed concerned only to show how swiftly and nimbly he could acquit himself. Instead of emerging as before at intervals of a few yards; he took reaches of twenty or thirty at a time, not one of them on the same line with another, gyrating as he went into the most fantastic attitudes. At last the surface was all quiet—every one held his breath. A heavy whirl appeared at the head of the boat—what did it mean? But Piscator knew, and the harpoon once more took flight, and descending five or six feet into the water, stood quivering there for a moment, and then vanished with the velocity of light.

"Habet," shouted a sort of linguist (who was always boring us with his scrap Latin, to make amends, it was supposed, for his bad English,) as he grasped the line and huzzaed until the shore re-

sounded with the music of his lungs. And it was but too true. The devil-fish, after his other frolics, had vaulted entirely on his back, and came floating on the tide stomach upwards; his white form reflected along the surface for several yards. A mark so palpable could hardly escape the stroke of our weapon; it entered his abdomen about the middle, and cut its way right down nearly three feet into his vitals. The line was clear for him to the extent of thirty fathoms; but after running fifteen or twenty, he went plumb to the bottom, defying every effort at removal. At length he gave way, and after much tugging rose logishly to the top—but daylight inspired him with new strength, and he bounded off again at the height of his speed. Our man of Particles was now in a sore dilemna. This "learned Theban" had been rude enough to throw the line so carelessly about his feet, that there was every prospect of his being speedily caught in its flying tangles and ducked soundly for his pains. What was he to do? A leap or two heavenward shewed that would not answer; so clearing the forecastle at a bound, he lit in the body of the boat, with no other harm done than some commotion among the rigging, a cry of wonderment from the oarsmen, and sundry ejaculations of thanksgiving to Providence from himself. The line now slacked, and the devil-fish was obviously giving out. He yielded freely to the hand, and as the last scene in the drama approached, the boats gathered around to witness his expiring struggles. The line swayed, and up he rose, his huge goggles peering out upon us, while his antennæ dangled heavily about in token of the extremest exhaustion. One more effort at escape followed; but it was too late. The lances were ready, and soon consummated the work of death; after which, we all joined in merry procession towards shore. We drew the devil-fish on the sands, and found him on measurement, to be fourteen feet in width; his depth through the back—but Mr. Editor, you must excuse me for not going on with the description. I must leave that for another occasion, when you shall have the genus, the species, and all that at full length. I am telling you a *fish* story, recollect, and it won't do to draw too largely on your credulity, besides consuming your paper. I have not, however, quite finished, and you know—

"Times noblest offspring is the last."

We were so employed about the fish we had taken, that it was some time before we were aware of any others being on the bank. On looking up, however, we saw them sporting about in various directions. G. had been for some time snapping his eyes in silence over the devil-fish, the good fortune of catching which, had not fallen to his boat. He now roused himself, as if choked with some strong conception, and clambering aboard, ordered all hands to their seats. Every body was amazed.

"Neck or nothing, sure enough," said one.

"Put your foot under the forecastle, for Heaven's sake," observed another, "it is not the first time you know it has been mistaken for a devil-fish."

"Oh never fear," exclaimed a third, "his head will do the business, if the harpoon don't; one fair butt is all he wants."

"Gentlemen," said P. quietly, "he is no slouch, depend upon it."

But our friend was in earnest. So leaving the dead fish in charge of the amateurs, we pushed off in pursuit of a large one, which was feeding a quarter of a mile North of us. But our sport was marred on the first stroke of the harpoon. The fish dashed furiously under the boat, snapping the shaft in twain, and dragging the gunnel down to the very water's edge, until the weapon fairly bounded out of him, so twisted as to be of no further use. In the midst of our regrets over this mishap, we saw the other boat going by some mysterious force directly up the river, the crew all on their feet, and G. at the bow, hat in hand and mouth open, while tears of delight—

"Coursed down his innocent nose."

A broad black thing like the sail of a vessel, shot suddenly out of the water, several fathoms ahead of their boat, and descended in the same instant with a splash which threw up the spray many yards, and filled the shore with its echoes. It was certain, that a fish of no common size had been struck, to the surprise of the whole party, not excepting G. himself, who could express his joy only in the manner already mentioned. We determined, however, to give them no aid unless at the last moment, and turning about steered for shore. The harpoon was put in the charge of a mechanic to be repaired, and we lounged among the trees on the bank, refreshing our heated palates with water-melons.

One or two hours passed, and our friends had not yet made any progress towards the capture of their devil-fish. They were in truth quite at his mercy. In the first instance, he took them over to Paris Island bank.—He then entered the Beaufort river, where, after several turns and returns, as if hesitating what to do, he crossed over to the St. Helena shore and coasted along that, until falling into the Bay Point channel, he took a steady course for the ocean. All their efforts to bring him within reach of the lances, were fruitless; the oars were out, the sails all set, and a smacking breeze blowing right over the bar; it was all in vain. Nothing either delayed or diverted his progress. Having no banks now in his way, it was obvious that his speed was becoming greater every moment. Very little of the day moreover remained. The sun was just above the mass of green woods in the West, sinking majestically into an amphitheatre of bright clouds, which seemed to heap about him in glorious homage to his departing rays. Far

down in the opposite direction, the white sails of our companion might be seen rolling and bending before the wind, as she went helplessly on towards the breakers. Yet *we* were several miles up the river!! Could we overtake them?—was it not too late? However not a moment was to be lost. Every oarlock was filled; every hand grasped an oar; every sinew strained to the animating task. The devil-fish after all was to be slain by us!!! As we approached, the report of a gun came booming towards us, giving notice of another device of our friends to check his course. He had at last risen to the surface, and the effect of buckshot was tried upon him. But if he was touched, it served no other purpose than to quicken his speed. We threw ourselves on the course of the other boat some forty or fifty yards ahead.

"Where is the devil-fish?" shouted P.

A sign with the hand directed us some distance beyond, where we saw indistinctly the wings of the devil-fish, shooting alternately out to the height of a foot or more. We were soon over him; but with all his skill, P. could not reach his body. Stroke after stroke failed. The rocking of the boat, and the exhaustion of the oarsmen under their constant exertions to keep up with him, made things still worse. Was he to escape from us after all? "Strike, sir, for the black side of his wing;" but the advice was not wanted, for the harpoon was already deep in him. As before, the devil-fish now went directly for the bottom; but we were in the channel, and that resource could not avail him. He played about for some time, but we finally succeeded in bringing him up within six feet of us, where we pierced him with our lances until life was gone. But no force could lift him higher. By this time another boat had come off the Point to our aid, which with the two we had already, it was thought, would be quite sufficient to take our fish ashore. The sails were set, and the oars put out to the number of eighteen;—the wind too was as fair as could be wished, still there was no headway. The devil-fish was indeed altogether unmanageable; and but for the force of the wind counteracting the outward tendencies of the tide, we must have been inevitably swept to sea, or have cut him loose to save ourselves. Darkness in the mean time had set in. The night was advancing, and we were yet almost stationary. Our friends on shore, alarmed at our situation, set up lights for us, which owing to their dispersion, did more to confound than guide us. The stars came out; but nothing seemed to break the general darkness, except the agitation of the oars in the water, and the rolling of the devil-fish as he now and then emerged on a bed of fire to the surface. At 9 o'clock we run aground upon a shoal, which proved to be Egg Bank. We were now at a stand, and a council was called. It was impossible to get the devil-fish over the bank, for the tide was not high

enough; and the roar of the breakers behind us added to the rising of the wind, informed us too plainly, that we could not safely remain where we were. Perhaps the devil-fish might be anchored; but no anchor was to be had; no buoy—not even a barrel by which he might be designated the next morning. The resource left us was a hard one; but there was no choice—we must abandon him—we could do no more. Before taking leave of him, however, we drew him up into three feet water.—

Jacet ingens littore truncus,
——— et *sine nomine* corpus.

There he lay, extending twenty feet by the wings, and his other parts in proportion; and the waves rippling in pearly heaps around his black form, which stood eight feet in diameter above the water. We cut out our harpoons, pushed our boats through a neighbouring swash, and in a few moments found ourselves surrounded by the welcoming eyes of beauty. R.

Beaufort, March 15th.

SONNET—THE WREATH.

This is a pleasant wreath, but you have gone
Too far to seek it. I could venture now,
You have been much too choice, and left alone
Some that had set much better on the brow.
These flowers are sweet—yet, were there but a few,
I should regard them with more calm delight.
Their gay and gaudy hues do pain my sight
And seem to crowd upon me while I view.
I mark me, when I was the playfull'st boy,
I sought one day for roses in a wood—
'Twas a wide wood; and so my taste was coy,
And when I had gone through it, lo! I stood,
With a poor bunch—the poorest of the flowers,
Whose lovely shapes and hues had won mine eye for hours.

Δ

A THOUGHT ON DRESS.

Simplex mundiciis.—*Hor.*

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man." *Shaks.*

As I stood the other day, at the door of one of our most fashionable resorts, I could not help remarking the various changes, our dress has undergone within the last few years. Having a singular zest for the investigation of such small pieces of history, I indulged myself, upon the occasion, in contemplating some of the strange revolutions, which mankind have undergone in this respect. I think my time was not unreasonably spent; and I shall endeavor to enlighten the worthy reader, with a few of the grave reflections, my fancy dictated at the moment.

As little a matter as dress appears to be, I recollected it had given birth to some of the most important events of history. There, I found religion had interfered in the adjustment of its fashion, and had declared heterodox, all those who dared to shave the head; while the trimming of the beard, in the peculiar phraseology of the time, was denounced, as "a lie against our faces, and an impious attempt to improve the works of the creator." While one nation was torn with faction at the color of its coats; another tottered and trembled to its foundation, in establishing a cockade, or the riband of which it was made. In short, my reflections, soon brought me to the conclusion, that from the external appearances of men, I could as easily discover their talents or dispositions, as one can infer from the scenery and climate of a country, the peculiar character of its inhabitants, or the phrenologist from the bumps or cavities of the skull, the various quality of brains underneath. For the first time, I felt the excellent "rhyme and reason" of the old English couplet,—

"Dress often, like the horse's skin,
Doth tell what sort of blood's within."

From the mutability, which fashion presented, I began seriously to doubt, whether dress would ever be brought to a fixed and proper standard. My doubts were gathering fast, and I had almost come to an unfavorable conclusion, when I luckily espied our friend *Simplex*. His appearance and conversation soon convinced me, that such a thing might be attained. If it will serve my purpose, I shall give a brief sketch of our friend's character:

Simplex, is not what the girls would term—a handsome man; he is scarce comely; but by a nice judgment, which he exercises

in his manners and dress, he has overcome this unkindness of nature, and has crept into the esteem and friendship of every one. If the fine qualities of his heart are covered by the plainness of his exterior, his good sense has so admirably managed it, that they are still shown through all their obscurities; and the homeliness of his person is at once overlooked in the captivating ease and gentility of his manner. I have over and over admired his success in pleasing every one, and have more than once asked him the great principle of so charming an art. He tells me, it is easily accounted for, and may be acquired by the simple rule of "moderation." He maintains, there is, even at this day, but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous, and the mean between these extremes is the amiable and the beautiful. The true and correct line in manners and in dress, lies between the two opposites of the vulgar and the affected. It passes equally and smoothly through that middle state of nature and art, partaking of the original strength and simplicity of the one, and the proportion and polish of the other. Our character, says he, should consist of natural and original material, which like the marble, should at the same time be shaped into purposes the most useful and beautiful.

In the great and stirring revolutions which have been, for sometime back, agitating the fashionable world, I have watched *Simplex* closely. Although twenty such have taken place within the few last years, he seems to have kept pace with them all; yet no one can tell wherein his appearance of to-day differs from that of yesterday. A short time since, I strolled into his hall, and there found, hung around the room, the portraits of his ancestry, back to the third and fourth generation. I could not help smiling at the grotesque figures, which some of them cut in their antique drapery. There stood some old grandam, with a face which age had ochred over, peeping from beneath a venerable cap of rich and costly lace, with petticoats containing in their trail as much superabundant cloth as a modern bishop sleeve—the whole falling in modest festoons over the projecting and upturned toe of some needle-pointed shoe. There, beside the aforesaid grandam, like a true knight of chivalry, smiled her loving spouse, with powdered peruke, all frizzled o'er with curls—his sleeves deeply and expensively ruffled—in one hand his cocked hat, while in the other is valorously grasped his "gentlemanly sword," which perhaps had rendered its owner as little service, as it had done the State. What a contrast, thought I, to a lady and gentleman of modern date! How matron-like, venerable and modest, appears the grandam. How flimsy, ridiculous and absurd, the grand daughter. I was about to draw the portrait of the latter; but I repented of my design. I should blush that posterity should have it to laugh at.

When I get into these ill tempers about the fashions, my feelings

are at once appeased, if I can come across *Simplex*. Meet him when you will, he is *neat*. Not like one out of a band-box; but dressed after such a manner, that like the parts and counter-parts of a good play, each article of his clothes seemed exactly suited to the time, the place and the circumstance. You are never attracted from the qualities of his mind by the pride or singularity of his dress. He only regards that which covers him, out of respect to the world, and in this particular, he reminds one of some rich and valuable tree; if the eye is at first delighted with the rare beauty of its foliage, it is only as a preliminary attraction to the more valuable body, by which such beauty is sustained and supported. His is not an ephemeral fashion, which changes with every caprice. It is the same yesterday, to-day and to-morrow; and withal is in the world. Upon this alone, he has established his character. He well knows that men have come into society from social feelings; and he concludes, that social actions must mark their intercourse, as well in small matters as in great ones. He thinks, therefore, that singularity in dress is not to be assumed by any one pretending to sense. Whether it be denoted in too much neglect, or too much carefulness, it bespeaks a degree of inexcusable vanity. Of such he often exclaims, as Socrates did to the cynic Antisthenes, who ostentatiously exhibited the rents in his garments,—"Alas, my friend! you discover your vanity, even through the holes in your cloak."

The great success of *Simplex*, as I have said, is in moderation; or as the ancients express it, in the "modest mean." *He is never before, or behind the world, but always in it.* Hence, he has acquired a high reputation with all the *fashionables*, as well as considerable weight amongst the *moderates*. With both, his taste has become a sort of standard. Indeed, no one can look upon him without at once appreciating his proper rank. I have sometimes contrasted *Simplex* with another friend of mine, who is likewise considered a leader of the *bon ton*. When I do so, I cannot help thinking of Æsop's fable of the peacock and crane. The one with its singular and gaudy plumes, keeps down to the admiration of the ignorant and vulgar; the other, with its modest comeliness soars aloft, above the clouds into the heavens. The simplest bird can stand up on a level with the one; only the better sort can reach the dignified elevation of the other.

One peculiarity of my friend, I must not omit. It is as singular as it is unaccountable. He tells me, that his moderation has enabled him to meet all his tailor's bills, which he liquidates with great punctuality. Conceiving this an unusual departure from the customs of genteel society, I have once or twice endeavored to argue him out of the habit; but he is inexorable, and still continues the practice. Why a man of his excellent good sense should be

actuated by such an eccentricity, I could never discover. I have seen many whose dues exceeded his, six times the amount, give themselves little trouble; yet *Simplex* follows not their example, but persists in giving his attention to such trifling matters.

BACHELOR B.

THE HUNTER OF CALAWASSEE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," "ATALANTIS," &C.

THE Legend which follows, is taken from "Southern Passages and Pictures," a volume now in preparation for the press, devoted exclusively to the illustration of the scenery, the characteristics and traditions of the South.

I

When bites, in bleak November, the blast that rives the tree,
And scatters wide the yellow leaves, so sweetly sad to see,
Its voice's moaning murmur, borne through the trembling wood,
Awakes the heedful hunter up, and stirs his drowsy blood;—
In ancient times a summons meet,* for all who struck the deer
He will not be the last to heed, who's still the first to hear;
He plucks the rifle from its rest, he winds the yellow horn,
And sweet the music of the sound through all the forest borne.

II.

Way down where ghostly cypress and dodder'd oaks spread free,
By the winding fen of Calawass, and on to Ocketee,
The mellow notes go searching far, the blood hound's bay is full,—
Shame light upon that hunter now, whose bosom's beat is dull!
There's life within that bugle note, steeds snort and riders shout,
And life, in every bound they take, is gushing gladly out;—
A spirit rends the thicket,—upstarts the couchant deer,
Shakes from his sluggish flanks the dew, and bounds away in fear.

III.

"Now sound your horns," cried Kedar, "and let the hunt be up,
And bring me, ere we start my boy, a strong and stirring cup;
The air is keen and searching, and slowly in my breast,
The blood, that should be bounding still, lies lazily at rest;
Not long to rest, for, by my soul and all the saints! I swear,

---

* The fall of the leaf, was always the signal for ancient hunting. It is, perhaps, to be regretted, that it is not more generally observed at present. Our game would then be less harrassed and more plentiful than now.

This day I perish, or I kill the buck that harbors here;—
That one-horned buck;"—"Nay, swear not so, dear master," thus he cried,
The aged slave, that then drew nigh and stood by Kedar's side.

IV.

"Now, out upon thy coward soul!" cried Kedar to the slave;
"Thou wast a man upon a time,—my father thought thee brave;
But age has dull'd thy spirit—thy limbs have need of rest,
This air's too keen for such as thou—go, harbour in thy nest;
Fool-fears have quell'd thy manhood, and, in this buck, I seek,
Thou find'st a foe whose very name 'twould white thy lips to speak;
But though he be the fiend himself, and stand before my eyes,
This day I hunt him down, I say, and deer or hunter dies!"

V.

Then sadly spoke that aged slave—"Oh, master, swear not so—
Leave hunting of this one-horned buck, that's like no beast we know;
He makes no slot,* no entry* leaves—though, through the closest brakes
Of bush or cane, or thicket swamp, his headlong course he takes;
Still bears the same erected port, and never frays a head;*—
Two seasons have you hunted him, and still with evil sped;
Some grievous chance hath ever happ'd when on his scent we came,
The first"—"Now, fool," then Kedar cried, "be still, for very shame!

VI.

"Sound hunters, ere this idle tale arrest the sluggish blood,
And lend to braver hearts than his, this aged dotard's mood;
It is my oath, this day, to track that buck unto his den,
And we shall see, if he or me, shall live for hunt agen;—
Two seasons hath he baffled us, 'twere shame if still he may,
And I am sworn, and heed my oath, to end the toil to-day;
And Lauto, you shall stay behind—I would not have you drive,
If such the fears that fill your heart, the hunt can never thrive."

VII.

"I'll go, my master," cried the slave, with sorrow in his tone,
"If fears are in old Lauto's heart, they're fears for you alone;

---

* Old Lauto is somewhat more learned in his terms than most of the *drivers* of the Southern country; and, for the sake of his brethren, some little explanation may be given here. These are all terms of the chase in ancient English hunting; and are furnished to me, at second hand, from Gascoigne's "commendation of the noble arte of Venerie." The *slot* is the print of a stag's foot upon the ground; *entries* are places through which deer have lately passed, by which their size is conjectured; *frayings* are the pillings of their horns; and a deer is said to "fray a head" when he rubs it against a tree to cause the outer coat to fall away in the season of renewal. These nice traits of the hunt, by which the hunter learns all that is desirable to know of the game he seeks, form, however, but a small number of those in the collection of the experienced in this "noble arte."

Here Willow, Wand, and Wallow,"—three dogs of famous breed,
That had a boast, from Rollo's pack, the Norman's, to be seed;—
He sounded then most cheerily, that aged slave, and cried,
'Till, from the kennel, all the pack, came bounding to his side;
He took the route his master bade, and with a heavy heart,
That shook with fears he could not name, did Lauto then depart.

VIII.

'Twas standing in a cypress grove that by the Ocketee,
Kept crowding shadows that forbade the searching eye to see,
Young Kedar waited long to hear the music of the hounds,
That told the hunt was up, and filled the wood with cheering sounds;
No sound he heard, yet, on his sight, that one-horn'd deer arose,
As speeding on, he left behind, in secret, all his foes;—
"But me he shall not baffle thus," cried Kedar as he came—
And lifting up his rifle then, he stood with ready aim.

IX.

Three strides the buck hath taken, his single horn on high,
And then he stayed his forward flight, and looked with steady eye;
He looked upon the cypress grove where Kedar watching stood,
Then, turning, took his easy way toward the distant wood.
This madden'd Kedar then to see, and to his steed he gave,
Free rein and rashing spur, and went as if some devil drave;
With shriek and shout he bounded on, and wonder'd to behold,
How easy was the gait he went, that deer along the wold.

X.

And still, nor horn, nor hound he heard and nothing did he see,
Save that one deer that fleeing seem'd, as not to care to flee;
This vex'd young Kedar to behold—a madness filled his blood,
And shouting as he went, he flew, with fury, through the wood;
He heeded not for stop or stay—he looked not once behind,
His soul was in that fearful chase—his spirit on the wind;—
A twilight shade came o'er the earth, and through the wood a moan,
Yet nothing did he see or hear, but that one deer alone!

XI.

The cypress groves he leaves behind, where, with impatient heart,
Three goodly hours he watched that day, from all the rest apart;
The long pines gather round him now, and now the thicket stays,
Yet on, with headlong haste, he goes, through wild and rugged ways;—
The deer, still wooing as he wends, keeps ever in his sight,
Yet indirect his forward course, as careless still of flight;—
More furious grew that hunter then to see his mocking pace,
And feels at last, his noble steed was failing in the race.

XII.

No warning sign like this he heeds, but with his oath in mind,
Young Kedar, in that keen pursuit, is striving with the wind;

The rowel tears his charger's flanks until they glisten red,
The thong now smites his burning sides and now his aching head;
Yet docile still, in all his pain, though fainting with the chase,
He strives, that noble beast, to keep, unfailing, in the race;—
The madness grows in Kedar's soul, and blinds his thought and will,
Such madness as must vex the heart of him that's doom'd to ill.

XIII.

And he that has no eye to see his weary charger's pain,
As little heeds the baffling wood through which his feet must strain;
The giant pines have faded far—the knotted thicket shakes
Its purple berries round his brow at every bound he takes;
The swamp is nigh, the horse's hoofs in ooze are plashing fast,
God save him, if he mean to save,—such chase can never last!
The river's edge is nigh, and dusk, its solemn shadows rise,
And what a heavy silence hangs and broods along the skies.

XIV.

Before him sleeps the sluggish swamp that never sees the day,
And through its bosom, bounding on, the deer still keeps his way;
Another leap he gains the stream—another effort more—
And deeply in the charger's flanks, the rashing rowel tore;—
A sound is in young Kedar's ears,—his hounds are close behind—
And 'tis old Lauto's cry he hears upon that sudden wind;—
A warning cry that vainly seeks to drive the spell away,
And check the fiend that lies in wait and hungers for his prey.

XV.

Mad shouts from Kedar answered then old Lauto's kindly cry,—
"Ha! ha! I have him now!" was still the hunter's wild reply;
"I have him now—that one-horned buck—our path lies fair and free,
He sinks—he can no farther run,—he lies by yonder tree;—
Upon him Cygnet!—he is ours—one goodly effort more,
By death and all the saints, he's mine!—ha! ha! our hunt is o'er!"
And still the noble steed obeys, and through the swamp he goes,—
The swamp is past, and, round his feet, the dark Che-che-see flows.

XVI.

The dark Che-che-see flows along in tribute to the main,
But stops not Kedar's rash pursuit,—he spurs his steed again;
And breathing hard, the patient steed now takes the gloomy stream,
While roll'd the thunder cloud above, and sunk the westering gleam.
Old Lauto reach'd the river's edge, with dim and straining eye,
And something like a struggling steed, a moment did he spy;
But soon the waters closed above—he look'd beyond, and there,
Still went, a failing shadow now, with easy pace, the deer!

THE MAN OF AMERICA.

BY THE HON. JOHN S. RICHARDSON.

THE general knowledge diffused by the art of printing in the fifteenth century, and the enlarged sphere of action given to naval energy by the mariner's compass, warranted the unexampled enterprise, which led to the discovery of the new world, and formed the proudest epoch in the progress of man. America was memorably fortunate in the character and conduct of her founders. The virtues of Columbus are as venerable, as his object was comprehensive, his purpose resolute, or his labors interesting. The boldness of the early discoverers that followed his foot-steps; the hardy perseverance of the first settlers, and the adventurous spirit necessarily attendant on the migration of men over three thousand miles of ocean, came with them, and were planted in the soil of America. Individual men spring up, and adopt enterprises for the extension of commerce—for discovery—and their own renown, which would be creditable to a nation.—And, prompted by their own noble suggestions, authors win their way in foreign courts, and search out truth, from the most hidden records, in order to rescue the fame, and exalt a name, dear to their country; and explore the woods and war-grounds of savage tribes, with a hardihood, worthy the Athenian Solon.—But, our domestic habits, moral sentiments, and the peculiar tastes which imply the principles of men, and mark their character, are derived, more directly, from other sources. The United States of America could scarcely fail in forming a social community—moral and religious, independent and enterprising—active, economical and acute; among whom, neither wealth nor ancestry, but virtue and usefulness alone, can give individual authority; a people taking grateful interest in their National Union, as the auxiliary of their private prosperity, and the immediate parent of the general welfare and common fame of all the States. Nations partake, instinctively, of the characteristics of their founders wherever they were highly popular, have gained the public confidence, and have continued to be esteemed for their moral principles. Such a leader leaves a deep impression upon his followers, and forms the rallying point for their actions. Established history justifies the induction, that in such instances, virtue and vice are transmissible to posterity. It is evident, that the Spartans owed to "the severely wise Lycurgus" their fierce courage, their indurated fortitude, and their stern submission; which bowed only to the force of law.—And the whole Spartan character was formed, by the iron-mould of their own peculiar exemplar; who made war

the source of personal relaxation from political and civil discipline. How unlike their kindred neighbours, who owed much, but, by no means, so much to the legislation of Solon, aided by the unyielding principles of Socrates. The main-spring of Athenian pre-eminence was, probably, the work of Homer. He raised high and strong, his country's emulation: and, their "various laureled field" of arts, science, literature, eloquence and taste, was reared by the competition for glory kindled by the immortal bard, and from a thousand bright examples, that aspired to be the Homers of their class. The Macedonian conqueror drank deeply of his inspirations; and Alexander was more the hero of Homer, and of Athenian applause, than the pupil of Aristotle. Look through the atrocious vengeance of Horatius, and the devoted patriotism of the Decii, to the all-grasping ambition of Rome, and we find the very spirit and sword of Romulus, who immolated a brother who could sneer at the ditch that protected his infant colony. But Numa, her second founder, added the standard of justice and piety; and the Romans excelled all preceding nations, in their high sense of justice, as well as in their thirst for conquest. We have but to turn over the pages of the Koran, to find the prototype of the fervid followers of Mahomet. By splendid fictions ingrafted upon the pure theism of Moses, and by laws wondrously adapted to oriental propensities, he infused his own emulation into his followers, and his daring system of faith and action has stood for twelve hundred years, like a vast pyramid, in the advancing tide of christian civilization; but which, sooner or later, must weaken the cement, subvert the foundations, and overwhelm the mouldering ruins of this vast monument, reared to his own glory, by the mighty Arab.

Who reads the history of Charlemagne, but knows, for two centuries, the same sanguine, gallant, warlike Frenchman, with all his imaginations attuned to beautiful France; but with the love of order, and of Christianity, that distinguished their early emperor?—It is plain, nations, like individuals, are formed by the force of character, in exemplary instructors. But, let me not pass him, who restored independence to our English ancestors.—Their virtues too, take sterling form and pressure, from the great Alfred—their wisest and their best—their WASHINGTON of kings.

The man of North America, cannot then, fail in the characteristics first supposed, unless from a perversion of the usual susceptibility and tendency of human nature.

The intelligible philosophy of useful life, of just economy, and of successful industry, has been brought home to our firesides, and practically taught by our philosophic Franklin. His example forms a lasting claim upon our gratitude.

But, far above all, and deeper, the rare assemblage of private virtues in Washington. His undeviating course of wise, firm and unremitting public worth, and his unostentatious piety, which walked "in silence with his God," must stamp successive generations with their value, and have decided influence in forming American characteristics.

The ground-work of his permanent character, consists in the moral elements, that ruled the conduct of Washington, in peace and war, in public and in private.

His three years agonizing struggle, in shielding Virginia from the incessant inroads of savages, armed and set on to exterminate his native State, when abandoned by the mother country. His seven years toil, by which, he achieved the independence of the United States, under circumstances, which often left him, with little more than the prospect of retreating beyond the mountains.

His eight years Presidency of the untried republic, in which he proved that its foundations were practical, and formed the examples which, more than half a century of experience, has shewn to be the proper means, for the administration of our national constitution. Whose hardihood does not rise with the heroic conduct of Washington, after Braddock's defeat? Whose admiration does not glow at his success, under the endless difficulties, from '75 to the capture of Cornwallis. And, where is the patriotism not warmed, when he periled his renown, by accepting the helm of the new republic, beset with difficulties at home and abroad.

Such services raise our admiration. But, we are too apt, to pass lightly over the principles, which formed the true constituents of all his usefulness.

Mr. Paulding, in his "Life of Washington," aims at developing those principles. And, to present in just relief, to rising generations, Washington, as a son, affectionate and dutiful; as a brother and friend, generous and faithful; as a companion, an agent and a master, conciliatory, just and considerate; as a man, moral, prudent and temperate, active and punctual. These private characteristics are brought before the reader, and proved, by the conversations and writing, the conduct and deportment, from youth to age, of a man as good, as he was great. His conduct exhibits the moral elements that constitute the foundations of the worth, that makes him, the father of his native land, and justify the veneration, that renders his example of such power, as to ingraft his sentiments in the hearts of his countrymen.

By thus pointing out the causes for the enduring influence of Washington, this philosophic writer has accomplished the main object of biographical history. And this paper is presented to the author, as a tribute of respect, for his contribution to the stock of our national improvement and moral advancement.

The life of Washington presents a progressive series of improvement, taught by the exigencies in which he was placed;—from Washington's surveying the forests and mountains of Virginia, to his rule over a great republic; of reflection, sagacity and preparation, under subduing disappointments; of judicious actions under perplexities which were appalling; of self-control, under the urgency of a fearless and ardent heart; of disinterestedness, under the most seductive solicitations of fortune; of ambition, restrained by fidelity, when power tempted his acceptance.

It unfolds a mental system, not rich but strong; not variously stored, but wielding great powers without confusion; and proves, that his success and exaltation were, in the regular order of a series of moral causes, placed within the reach of so meritorious a man.

The school education of Washington was limited. But his early professional pursuit was a happy one, to quicken observation and induce habitual accuracy. Although he had a just estimation of their importance, and read with avidity; still, books were necessarily sacrificed, in a great degree, to his occupation in public affairs, and in his country's cause, for five and forty years. And we are to look to other sources for the moral attainments, comprehensive reasoning and talent of rightly appreciating the circumstances which attended his various life.

Whatever intensely engages the intellectual faculties, or the moral sentiments, constitutes true education. Grave and important concerns prompt the mind to high exertion, and give both steadiness and vigor to the understanding. The early initation of Washington into the most important public stations, expanded a mind of sound sense; habituated him to decide, with rational confidence in his own judgment. Familiarity with danger, and the habit of meeting and overcoming difficulties; the confidence in eventful times of those, whose opinions are dear to human aspirations, with the consequent responsibility on the one hand, and fame on the other, exalt the mind to its highest elevation, and form great intellect. And the discipline of Washington, in exciting events and pressing exigencies, was pre-eminent. Such too, had been once, the school that formed the great and beneficent Alfred of England.

But the whole mental progress of Washington, was corrected by moral and religious sentiments, which had been implanted by a pious parent, at an age when moral character is formed. And the noble work of a mother's hand, stood unshaken by the agitation of ambitious projects, and unobscured by the glare of worldly splendor. When we trace so great a constituent of all his usefulness, to the piety of his venerable parent, what a moral portrait is presented, for the contemplation of the woman of America.

The habit of a strong mind, so imbued, is that of a patriot-statesman; taking enlarged views of human nature, recalling the past, surveying the present state of society, and, by comparison judging of the future progress of a people. Such a man distinguishes attainable reformations, from the splendid speculations of sanguine temperaments, or the projects of undisciplined minds. He feels his free-agency, but follows the comprehensive faith he has been taught, and knows that profound gratitude to Deity is inseparable from love and duty to man.

In his public career, the disinterestedness of Washingten was striking. Deeply impressed with the distinction, between his official instrumentality, and his individual free-will, he laid aside personal interest, and suppressed private feelings, in the consciencious fulfilment of the high confidence of his country.

Unerring consciousness taught him, that the mind is the noble instrument of moral pre-eminence; and experience assured him, that it is the summit of human wisdom, to foresee and prevent evil, and to avoid the hazardous remedy of force, which so often punishes aggressions, which might have been prevented, or may be atoned for.

He was profoundly read in the page of man. Having mastered the volume of our moral nature, he penetrated with intuitive skill, the combination of human affairs. But, he looked upon man, with the liberality of a christian, who forgives in others, what he would not tolerate in himself. His sublime moral elevation can require no higher proof than Washington's final forgiveness of the author of the Newburgh letters. He had denounced the appeal recommended to the army "from the Justice, to the fears of Congress" as "an attempt to open the flood-gates of civil discord, and deluge our rising empire with blood." Washington had attributed it to some emissary of the enemy. Yet "had that day been wanting" (in his own language) "the world had never seen the last stage of perfection, which human nature is capable of attaining." But the glory of arresting and forgiving the dangerous project, was all his own. One intemperate and perilous error, committed under complicated sufferings and the excitement of a whole army, could not outweigh the long and valuable services of the author. This trying occasion had called for all the forbearance, prudence and talent of Washington, and evinced his great influence over the convictions of others. But it also illustrates another high trait in his character.—

His distinguished capacity in directing the ability of others, and estimating his own position and responsibility. A clear perception of character, enabled him to understand the best use of their acquirements; and, while he paid great respect to knowledge, and often resorted to learned counsellors for information, or as the

antecedent test of national measures, their skill was made safer by the plumb-line of his own judgment.

No man knew better, the evil consequences of the careless, partial, I might almost say, suicidal appointments, to colonial offices by the British government; and he profited accordingly in his own.

Never were the preconceived ends of a national constitution illustrated in sequence and coherence with its principles, as in the practical administration of the heads of department under Washington. To have been called to office by the first President of the United States, became a letter of credit to the officer, and was received by the public as the guaranty of integrity.

His happiness rested upon this high confidence of his country. Such confidence greatly ministered to his success, and success was the only reward he sought for his perilous services.

His wisdom lay in his unremitting willingness to be right, and the smiles of Providence crowned his meritorious exertions to serve his country, and made him the architect of her exaltation.

Courage and fortitude are essential virtues; and but few great commanders have escaped the imputation of precipitation or cowardice, when fortune deserted their standard. But neither the self-control nor courage of Washington was ever suspected. His mind and energy always rose with difficulty and danger, his faithful resolution urged them to gigantic size.

In his extreme youth, and in various stations during long Indian warfare, he had proved himself at once willing to obey, and worthy to command.

In the revolutionary war, inadequate means kept him necessarily on the defensive, and he could seldom venture battle, but by taking advantage of the enemy's oversight; yet Washington was never suspected of a timid retreat, nor suffered a signal overthrow, and his valor was ever adequate to the most daring onset that the occasion warranted.

In the fall of 1776, the American army was reduced by successive disasters, and the broken spirits of the country to three thousand men, with a single troop of cavalry, wandering in the mountains of the Hudson, or retreating before twenty thousand British regulars, who were continually aided from different quarters, and swept over the land like a flood.

But the little band of Washington was as daring and elastic as danger and uncertainty required. Buoyed up by the Declaration of Independence, and chafing at the fall of Fort Washington, their unquelled spirits still warred with the victors at Long Island.

Upon receiving a reinforcement of fifteen hundred men, through the well-timed exertions of Governor Mifflin, at a moment when

the stoutest hearts might cower, Washington recrossed the freezing Delaware with his remnants of regulars and militia, and springing impetuously upon a detachment of the enemy at Trenton crippled and dispersed it, kept command of the ground until the British army re-appeared in superior force, in the language of their General, "to annihilate him and his tatterdemallions" in the morning. But by the morrow's dawn, he found Washington's camp empty. Retreating, he again struck, sword in hand, upon another division of the enemy at Princeton, and carried, in January, '77, into his winter quarters, thirteen hundred prisoners, sheltering his glorious little army, tracking the road with their naked bleeding feet, and destitute of every thing but their arms.

It was the prerogative of courage and sagacity, to evoke the elements of his country's safety from her own perils.

Another General might have sought shelter and repose two months before, and suffered the depression of the republican army in '76, to settle into hopeless despondency. As it was, the last blow at Trenton and Princeton resounded through the land. Fame echoed wide the achievements of Washington, and by the ensuing spring, increasing confidence in their General, and reliance on their cause, had rallied the spirits of America, which never afterwards drooped.

Such was the fortitude in suffering, and such the triumph in the midst of peril, which unite with the "Declaration of Independence, to form the epoch of '76."

Upon their own posterity, Britons would have practised the oppressions, which themselves had endured from the invading Danes. But the spirit of the great Alfred was consistent with itself; it still sided with the oppressed, and ran in their children's blood. And to Washington fell his fortunes in war, his heroism in disaster, and his wisdom in council.

A parallel of their private virtues would be no less just. For the beneficence of the great American, and of the noble Briton, were alike conspicuous. The domestic life of Washington, was indeed as delightful as his public was exemplary. As a son and brother, husband and master, he revived the golden age.

In the course of his long life, not an instance is adduced, in which the animal passions mastered the rational man. This characteristic of the unwise is unknown in the biography of Washington. To his immortal honour, let it be remembered, that every transaction of his life demonstrates, that he strictly limited human action by the sphere of morality, that however exalted any action, yet, if in the minutest degree it encroached upon the obligations of truth or justice, it then became vice.

The habit of his mind and of his actions, were always consistent; and a confidence once raised by Washington, was a sacred

contract. He never, in a single instance, adopted the disingenuous policy of separating his own responsibility from the course he had recommended, nor frowned upon the actions of other men, when he had himself, supplied the motive of their conduct.

The tin box, containing the accounts and vouchers of his public disbursements during eight years service, in which the American General expended on his own household and for himself, less than three thousand five hundred pounds, sterling, and but two thousand pounds for secret service money, is precious in our memory of him, whose intrinsic value won the good wishes of men; and, all hearts pleased with his success, accomplished the loftiest object of virtuous ambition, "the rule over willing minds" by the authority of individual worth and the force of character. The bread-fruit of such a life was found, and its end was peace.

Purity in purpose and rectitude of life, taught him to fear no sting but self-reproach, and enabled him to pay the last awful tribute of nature, with the sincerity that belongs to the conscientious discharge of all the duties of our station.

Every man must rise from the contemplation of his public services, with esteem and admiration. But his own countrymen go from the portrait of his domestic life and moral principles, to invoke such saving virtues for America, and to strive and form to Washington's their own conduct.

THE BLIND MOTHER.

It was the brilliant morning hour,
When Phœbus, from his eastern bower,
Rose, like a labourer, quite unspent,
To brush from the extended tent
Of the blue ether, every cloud,
That hung its light and cobweb shroud
Upon the canvass wide, which spread
Like a gay curtain overhead;
It was the hour when stem and leaf
Shake off the tokens of night's grief;
And bird and insect flutter free,
As if all life were revelry.

But it was not to watch the sun's glad play
On the bright streamlet, that roam'd away,
Like a silver thread, the vale between,
Making a carpet of living green;
'Twas not for the flowers on either hand,

Blooming like guests from a better land;
Nor for the music of bee and bird,
Whose tireless notes were every where heard,
That the lady reclin'd at her cottage door,
As if viewing the living landscape o'er.

Alas! to her the illumin'd wall
Of the sky seem'd black as a midnight pall;
And the countless blossoms, so passing bright,
Save for their perfume gave no delight;
And the insect tribes seem'd but spectre things
As they roam'd the air on enchanted wings,
For the mirror of thought to the inward mind,
The light of her eye, was quench'd and blind.

Mournfully sad did her face appear,
As she stood in the glow of that morning clear,
So still that it look'd like some sculptur'd stone,
Where the soul had been, though the soul was gone,
And the snowy robe and the braided tress,
All hung with a very lifelessness,
As the yellow sunbeams enwrapt each fold,
And bath'd every hair as with liquid gold.

But a sudden sound on that stillness broke,
An echo of mirth, and her spirit woke
From its dreamy trance, while each feature caught
The magic touch of electric thought;
Her fair boy bounding like wild gazelle,
Came, with wealth of blossoms from hill and dell,
His cheek, lips, forehead, all one rich glow,
As the sweet word *mother*, came quick and low,
Till he threw them down as an offering meet,
At that best of earth's shrines, his mother's feet.

Some moments more, and on her breast
The glad child lay in rosy rest,
While she a flowery fetter wove
To bind his little playful feet,
Though oft her fingers slight would rove
From task so idle yet so sweet,
To trace once more, with trembling touch,
That face, ne'er seen, yet lov'd so much;
And as she bent her head and listened
And felt how every feature glisten'd
With health's rich rose tint, pure and warm,
Hot tears gush'd forth, and love's excess,
Was told in words of tenderness.

"My own one! my own one!
Thou'rt lying on my breast,
Yet thy mother's heart throbs wildly
With yearnings unreprest;
For life is spent in one sad dream,
Oh! would that it were past,
And that I could but gaze upon
My beautiful! at last.

They say thine eye is bright
As dew drop on the rose;
That thy cheek is deck'd with dimples
When waking from repose;
That the very waving of thy hair
Is a perfect joy to see,
Alas! alas! why is it then
Reveal'd to all save me.

Do I not prize thee more,
Far more than others can?
Has not thy shadow fill'd up all
Affection's lengthen'd span?
And yet thy glance uplifted
Must quickly from me turn,
Since in this vision's darken'd lamp,
No lustrous flame doth burn.

Oh! smile upon me, boy!
My idol! as thou art:—
Love has but left my *eyes*, to sink
The deeper in my *heart;*
There, like a sparkling fountain,
It knoweth no control,
But pours in a free torrent through
The inmost depths of soul.

E'en now I strive to form
Some outline of thy face;
The polish'd cheek, the ruby lip,
The brow of matchless grace,—
The tremor of thy closing lids,
The lashes dark and long,
All, all are painted on my mind;—
Say,—is the portrait wrong?

Ah! 'tis a hapless lot;
A mockery of bliss;
To call it *mine* a priceless flower,

So beautiful as this,—
While shut within a dungeon cell,
I feel my life exhale
In secret longings, all untold,
Until the heart grows pale.

Yet, patience:—oh! my God!
Forgive the rebel thought,
And make me own how blest I am,
And how each day is fraught
With some new favors from that Hand,
Which smiteth but to cure,
And hung this curtain o'er my sight,
For purpose just and sure.

Perchance thy wisdom saw,
That earthly love and pride
Might grow so strong, it would consume
All other love beside;
And that in gazing on the vase,
I'd make it all my care,
And quite forget the treasure lock'd
Within the casket fair.

Sleep on! sleep on! my boy;—
Why start at my embrace?
'Twas but a loving kiss to seal
The vow my heart would trace,
That I will keep unsullied
Thy spirit's pearl-like gem,
Till death shall come and bear it back
To Heav'n's own diadem."

And as she ceas'd, the mother prest
The sleeper nearer to her breast,
And while her ruby lip mov'd fast
With the hush'd eloquence of feeling,
And from the shut lids, big drops past,
Unutterable thoughts revealing,
A sun-beam flitting o'er her face,
Disclos'd such new, mysterious grace,
It seem'd that to her prayer was given
An answer, from the Court of Heaven.

M. E. L.

Charleston, S. C.

"EHRBRANHEIT."

NO I.

"SIR NATHANIEL. I praise God for you, sir; your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy." *Love's Lobour's Lost.*

I WOULD not give a fig for spring in town, though Bryant sings it. It always has an artificial complexion. There is an air of namby-pamby in city flowers, and they never do seem altogether natural in my eyes. I am for the country as soon as I can; but the present season found me a prisoner. True, I had neither wife nor daughter, bandbox nor bundle, to fetter my movements or restrain my wanderings; but circumstances, my friend!—circumstances! These are the tyrants that trouble Jove himself at times. It was not the banks that kept me back, nor the brokers. I had no discounts to pray for, and no stocks to supply or seek. It was—but no matter—enough that I beheld the spring pass by me in the crowded city, in the din and dirt of New York, where its flowers are forced into unnatural forwardness, and its fruit sold before it is half ripe. I saw her pass by me in despair,—I could not enjoy her charms in town, and I was not suffered, after my ancient manner, to seek after them in the country. I was monstrous dull in consequence from March to July; but in July I broke bonds—I was freed, and resolved to make my escape ere a new flood of the confounded circumstances should come upon and overwhelm me. There was no need, indeed, to linger. New York was growing dull in every respect. There was no new lion, and the old ones had been voted mere bores (Qu. Boars?) six months gone. The Ravels were slaying Abel and practising postures, and Celeste was still more ably slaying other characters, and practising other postures, scarcely so decent, and certainly not half so classical. They had shewn all that they could shew, and I had actually been to the seventh or tenth farewell benefit of the latter, in order to see what new exhibition she might make. But the pressure had done its work with the humbugs in amusement, not less than the humbugs of trade and speculation. New York looked monstrous sore, and rather scabby. Affliction had made her either unable to cover her diseased parts, or indifferent to their exhibition; and the streets even seemed to lack the customary scavengers. I staid out the *fourth* (of July) however, and witnessed the glories. Sky-rockets are rather picturesque adjuncts of housetops and street corners in a dark night; and one man had his eyes blown in, two were blown up, four

boys had their breeches burnt into holes, and one or two amateur ladies were utterly consumed in their forward anxiety to survey them. The newspapers the next morning were exceedingly pathetic in consequence, and their patriotic appeals had the good effect of raising one or two hundred democrats who mobbed the Irishmen's houses, and mauled their persons solely to prove their deference for laws and social order. But these exhibitions could not last long. Flour was at twelve dollars a barrel, and freemen can't frolic with their neighbors on such terms. I saw that there was nothing more to see, The glory was departed, and I departed also. But whither—whither shall I go? The object was to escape the crowd. Every body goes to Saratoga and such places, and my rule is never to do what all the town does. There are an hundred quiet nooks on the North River, where a dyspeptic bachelor can holster himself for a week without fear of going off suddenly; and, without resolving on which of these I should fix, I plumped myself on board one of the Albany boats. I could choose my resting place as I proceeded, and in order to make my selection with proper caution, I determined to be as inquisitive as possible among my neighbours:—so, squatting quietly down amid a group of thirty-six of all sorts, sizes and sexes, I freed my auditories from any unnecessary restraints of prudence and forbearance, and listened to as much scandal as ever went through the trumpet of Harriet Martineau at a single sitting.

There was a motley collection of us, and every body talking. We are all oracles in this country, and the cursedest of all our prevailing passions, and that which is predominant, is disputation. You are challenged on all sides for an opinion, simply to have it resisted and opposed. Our forefathers claimed only the privilege of governing themselves—their sons conceive this but a small matter, and the modern ambition is to govern you. In consequence of this modest *penchant*, you cannot take your seat any where in the neighborhood of half a dozen republicans, whether in stage or steamboat, before you are assailed. The attack is, however, moderate enough at first. An insinuating smile is the overture, and a quiet demand is then made upon you for your notions. You think—good easy soul!—that you are about to open your neighbor's eyes, but you are confounded to discover that it is his mouth only to which you have rendered so great a service. He is out upon you in full cry, and you shrink back, or steal off, from his thunders, with an unexpressed, but still fervent resolve, never to give an opinion again as long as you live.

Such would be your course if a stranger—not so however, with the initiate. He is glad of the challenge,—he knows what he is to expect, and he prepares for it accordingly. He sees the controversy in his neighbor's eye, in that same insinuating smile which

is alike so seductive and so deceptive. He is not be taken in by it—oh, no!—he hears the question with quiet gravity, and in his soul he laughs at the suppressed eagerness of the questioner. He answers, but the questioner takes nothing by his answer. It is admirably equivocal. He is a non committal man and hails from Point No-Point. The attack is renewed in another form, and met with a corresponding ingenuity; and, failing to surprise his wary enemy, the assailant turns his assault into a downright blockade. You may hear the twain for three hours and twenty minutes after, fighting around the circle and both equally far off from the centre.

In our boat load of seventy or eighty persons, there were probably thirty-nine conflicts of this description going on at the same moment all around me. There was one squat old lady, the wife, as I understood, of a tobaconist; who, strange to say, had been the assailant in the controversy, and who had singled out a coal-merchant for her victim. They seemed to have known each other in the city, for the subject matter of their dispute was purely local. Politics, coal, tobacco and snuff were mingled up together, and I could hear a good many references to Job. Haskell, and Martin Van Buren. I think it was the coal merchant who insisted that Job had been the making of Mat.—an assertion which the lady denied, being resolute, as it appeared to me, to claim that honor for her own husband, the tobacconist—a worthy who seemed to keep aloof with a becoming modesty, while his spouse was so lustily asserting his pretensions.

I could have listened a good hour to this couple, but that my ears were insensibly drawn away to a sentimental duet on my left;—one of the parties to which, was a tall youth with a long tailed blue, a black cane with a crooked head, round shoulders, squinting eyes, a nose twice as hooky, though not so black as his cane, a bunch of gold chain, three strands thick, around his neck, and a cameo, large as a soup-plate, having on it an oblique view of Abbottsford or Newstead Abbey or both, done in a sort of mezzotinto or enamel, and the deuce was to determine which. His companion the lady, and the other party to the conversation, was a fat bunch of a Dutch girl, whose grand-parents had come out to Manhaddoes with the Van Twillers and the Van Rutters (irregularly written Ruyters) and who took consequence therefrom. I was surprised and somewhat pained, to think of the melancholy change in the condition of things and persons which had taken place between that time and the present; and I was vexed, no less than pained, to observe the strange forgetfulness of our Dutch damsel to all the peculiarities of her origin. Yet, nature had done her part to remind her of her ancestry, for never did the *physique* of the woman more admirably determine the parent source from which she sprung. Her face might have furnished

the most perfect model for the Venus of Amsterdam; it was as round as a squash, while the little turn-uppy nose in the centre, red tipped and truculent, bespoke a temper which could keep any man's house in order and hot water, however much of a man he might claim to be. She was rather longer than she was broad, though that might still be a subject of measurement and doubt. Her hips were very like the bends of a dutch ship, easy and naturally sloping when surveyed gradually with an upward glance, but which, certainly, if suddenly looked upon, had the bulging and protuberant air of one of these same vessels, when built upon a scale ostentatiously solid. The mere animal considered, she did no discredit to the parent stock, bnt there was a sad alteration in other respects. Instead of confining her talk to pies and puddings, Flemish cheeses, and Saint Nicholas, she was talking poetry and sentiment with the aforesaid youth, whom I learned afterwards was the chief clerk in a store in Broadway, where they keep able-bodied men to measure tape and ribands, and sell sixpence worth of pins and needles. Of course they were disputing on these subjects, though it appeared to me with no small audacity on the part of the youth, who certainly could not lay claim to know half so much of the matter as his fair companion. She was a contributor to the "Ladies Companion" and the "Mirror," and wrote all those pretty verses (as I afterwards discovered) about the death of young children, and the heartfelt sorrows of the Muse, which so admirably adorn and correspond with the pages and the purposes, alike, of these elegant periodicals. Sometimes too, like the *Thirtieth or Thirteenth Muse* (I don't know which,) Mrs. Sigourney—or as she is called—possibly with as much propriety the "American Hemans,"—she condescended to take texts from Scripture, and dilate upon them, as much to make them available to popular comprehension, as with the view to the greater beauty and improvement of their poetry. It is fortunate for Solomon, David, Job and Isaiah, that their writings have been preserved to our time, since, embalmed in the verse of the lady writers referred to, they are likely to survive some little time longer. But to return. Our dutch-built damsel was evidently the more eloquent of the two in the discussion which she had with the clerk. The subject was a nice one, and turned upon the respective merits of Elvira Floggitferr, or Mrs. Ellen Dewberry, both of whom were correspondents of some literary journal the name of which escaped me. Indeed, for that matter, I knew nothing till then of Miss Elvira or of Mrs. Ellen, though, from the superlative mode of speech adopted by both the parties in this discussion, each insisting upon the pretensions of their several favorites, I began to apprehend that my not knowing them, would go very far to prove myself unknown, so I prudently took care to keep this fact to myself.

I listened to them for some time longer, but when they began to quote specimens from their several favorites, I found all my listening like to be in vain. The verses were no doubt, as they asserted, very beautiful, but I found it utterly impossible to understand them. I heard one passage however, which I remember the more readily, as, in seeking to find a clue to its meaning, I insensibly committed the words to memory, though, to confess a truth, without coming any nigher to a knowledge of its signification than before. Thus it went:—

> "And in the dewy star-light, when the flowers,
> Those messengers of spring, that fold their cups,
> And from the sheen of sunlight, take their glow,
> To cherish, till the minister of night,
> Pale Luna comes, in melancholy vest,
> To win their tribute, with rejoicing feet,
> And lifted heart, and tear adoring eye,
> That finds a kindred sympathy in gloom,
> And loves the world of shadows—loves to roam,
> And sickens at the presence of the crowd,
> I wander, &c."

Such were some of the verses I think, of Mrs. Ellen, whose claims were sustained by the Dutch damsel, and she repeated them with a *gusto* that spoke certainly for her enthusiasm, though it appears to me but doubtfully for her judgment. The phraseology is common enough to modern poetry, but I could not find the *gist* of the thing as the lawyers say. There is nothing palpable in this business; certainly, not to my touch, though, as I have been told since, it is very like the blank verse paraphrases of biblical song and story which are spun out from the bowels of modern verse-makers daily in magazine and gazetteer. Some of these lady poets seem to be continually spinning, and you will find their contributions in similar strain in every periodical that will admit them, from Maine to Mexico. I have read no less than seven of these pieces in one day from the pen of one lady poet, published on the same day in as many different journals. * * *

I had no farther desire to listen to that which I failed to understand, so I changed my seat, and took my place among a little knot that seemed to be engaged in desultory talk and were by no means rabid. But they did not keep innocent long, any more than our first parents. * * * * * * *

The group into which I had fallen, was made up as I soon discovered, of Eves and Adams. The men were monstrous dull, lugubrious and fussing,—the women, flippant and ferocious, rattling on with all tongues at work and not an ear heeding. It was a confusion like that of Babel. By the way, that confusion of

tongues at Babel!—I have a theory on that subject which might make the world wiser, inasmuch as it contains a fine practical moral, which one might apply daily to all the concerns of life and society. My theory regards the story of Babel as better adapted to the business of the sublunary world, than to our grand spiritual relations with the deity and the future. Suppose then, that instead of understanding the Biblical account literally, and believing that each of the builders of Babel had a distinct and new language given him, we should rather understand that they were confounded in their purposes, by the multitude and the combativeness of counsellors. This surely is meant to be conveyed by the phrase, "confusion of tongues." In the figurative language of the Hebrews, they each spoke a different tongue, when they each insisted upon a different measure. They had got so high that they began to be bewildered, not less with the elevation of their achievement, than the apparent success of their purpose; and certainly God could not half so effectually have confounded them in their impious project, as by confounding their judgments. With each his plan, there could be no progress. With each his favorite scheme, there could be no yielding to one another; and he who first proceeded to lay a brick after his own design, must have been quickly brained with it by the rest. This confusion of judgment was indeed, the only way to confound them and defeat their purposes, since merely to have confounded language and to leave the judgments of the builders unimpaired, would not necessarily have produced a stoppage of the work, any more than, in modern times, a confounding of the promises to pay would have produced a stoppage of the banks. They could have still gone on. There was no need for them to stop. We employ men daily on our public works who do not understand our language, and scarcely their own; but who can yet comprehend signs and looks and blinks, pointings and squintings, and the thousand forms of direction which a single minded Governor can employ in making himself understood. Confusion of tongues is certainly an inconvenient and annoying difficulty, but it is not an insuperable one. But the confusion of counsel—*that* is the mischief—there is no getting over that, since the conceit which prompts the self-constituted counsellor, is one of those hardy and invincible qualities that will neither listen to another nor be silent itself, and is never quiet until it knocks its head off against the stone walls of its neighbours.

Well, as I was saying, we had a multitude of talkers, all in the same breath, all disputing, yet none upon distinct and understood points of difference. This did not seem to be necessary, and accordingly they did not wait for it. On the contrary, it was only essential to throw out something in the shape of reflection or sentiment, to have it caught up as greedily as salt bait by a lean pickeril.

"I differ with you, sir."

"You're mistaken, ma'am."

"Beg pardon, sir, but really this is one of those subjects, which it appears to me you have not been at much pains to understand."

"Thank you, sir—you are complimentary."

"Mean no offence, my young friend, but let me tell you that if you destroy public credit——"

"I propose to do no such thing, sir; on the contrary, I hold public credit, or private credit to be that which is in its nature indestructible. It is public *credulity* only which I seek to destroy."

"Same thing, sir,—same thing. Public credit consists in your believing that I am worth so much money."

"But if you are not."

"Matters not—matters not, sir; so long as you continue to believe it. The moment you doubt me, sir, the moment my neighbour insinuates any thing against my capacity to pay, and brings a run upon me,—he destroys public credit, he destroys my credit, sir, and the country is ruined. I am ruined sir,—my property was in your faith; he who seduces you from your faith, destroys my credit, and is the true cause of all the evil that is done. This I say, is what this Government has done. It is thus that the infernal 'experiment' has brought ruin upon the land, and could I but be one of ten thousand to drag the usurper and the tyrant from the throne, I were satisfied. There he sits and smiles, like Nero at the conflagration. But let him beware. It will consume him too. The hour is at hand. Only wait till Congress meets, sir, and we shall see, sir; and he and his minions will tremble to see, sir, the liberties of the country restored, the glory of the nation redeemed, and a new bank established!"

There was no stopping the torrent, and the young man whose previous opinions had brought out the last speaker, was compelled to retreat. The crowd gathered round the triumphant orator, and it was even whispered that it would be advisable to take down the names of volunteers, who would be willing to go to Washington in compliance with one of the speaker's suggestions; but this plan did not meet with much encouragement. It was received with a cold silence, and soon after, I perceived the male part of the company, one by one, dropping off from the circle, and so going away in different directions. Fearing lest I also should be called up to fight for public credit, I followed the safe example, and went to the forehead part of the boat.

There I found other groups all equally disputatious with those I had left, but upon another class of subjects. These were the downright, plain, unaffected, substantial farmers, who are not yet fully impregnated with the strifes of parties, and who think a great deal more of their wheat crops, their rye and potatoes, than of

Van Buren and the Banks. They are the wiser men and the better for their wisdom. It's a pity there were not a greater number of them. Well, I squatted down among these sturdy people, and listened with no little satisfaction to their talk about their own topics. One of them related the curious circumstances attending the murder of a young girl, in a cove on the river's banks near which we were passing. It was a painful story of seduction, such as are but too common in certain portions of our country. The girl had gone out to meet her seducer, and had never returned. Her body was found in a neighbouring crevice on the river's side partly under water. The villain escaped punishment as a matter of course now-a-days, though the public feeling was furious enough against him, until he was taken. It then sympathized with the interesting criminal, whose misfortune it was to have unruly passions. The witnesses kept back, and the prosecution was unsupported.—But let us stop and breathe a little.

E. B. H.

FRAGMENT.

——— They've come back
To their old father's graves. The desolate
Retread the waste and wilderness once more,
To the rude homes of childhood. They retrace
The well-remembered path-ways,—they ascend
The rough and jagged rock, precipitous,
Gathering a wide and boundless horizon,
To the young eye familiar—making young
The aged eyes that hail it,—they embrace
The ancient pines, and know them for old friends
That gave their sports a shelter. Thus, the men.—
The women sit and weep beside the hill,
They care not to ascend.

Sad outcasts! They are happy, and forget
Their toilsome knowledge of the lonely way,
Their long delay, faint heart and weariness,
And lack of shade and water, when the sun
Shot downward his red arrows,—sad no more,—
Thus blessed at last with the sweet, glimmering sight
Of their old homes—the places of their play,
And days now gone forever.

AUTOGRAPHY.

NUMBER ONE.

I know him well,—the unobtrusive, kind, warm-hearted gentleman. He has no enemies, or, if he have, they are the foes of the human race. Their particular enmity is not levelled against *him*, for he has never offended them. I love his epistles; I love his welcome; I love the hospitality of his roof; I am at home in his presence; I feel happy when I am in his company,—when I listen to the tones of his soft, silver voice; I love to enter his study,—to sit down by his side, to smoke a cigar, and take a glass of wine with him, and hear him talk of his autographs. I think it would be delightful to pass my life with such a friend. Perhaps you may envy me, reader, the pleasure of his acquaintance. I am not selfish. You may know him, if you are anxious to do so. But let me whisper a word in your ear. Your best letter of introduction to him will be an autograph; yes! an autograph. Let it be one of some distinguished individual, and I assure you that it will serve your purpose well. After you have shaken hands, you may improve your opportunities and cement your friendship. I cannot say where you will find him after bank hours; very likely in a garret, overhauling mouldy manuscripts, or letters that have not seen the light for half a century; or in some public building, scrutinizing State papers with all the zeal, not of a politician, but of an antiquarian. But wherever you meet him, you will be sure to find him busy, pursuing his favorite researches *con amore*. Ah, the enthusiast! well, men should have their hobbies, and ride them too, if they know how to manage and ride them with grace. *Ten thousand autographs*, already, of distinguished persons living and dead! Has he not rode his hobby to good account? Quite distanced Sir John Sinclair, who thought *a hundred* enough for an amateur. And now, reader, you may be anxious that I should point out the individual I mean, and whom I have presented thus favorably to your notice, but with every disposition to oblige, I shall not gratify your curiosity. All that I can say on the subject is, that if you ever have the good fortune to know him, that you will like him much,—yes, very much. The task which I now have before me, is to furnish you with some specimens from Mr. TEFFT's collection of autographs—a collection which has become so justly celebrated, that the concealment of his name as the proprietor, is now no longer practicable.

One word before I do so, as to autographs in general. I recollect the time when that word *autograph* sounded oddly to my ear. I was fain to consult Horne Tooke as to its meaning. It is a word of mysterious origin. *Procul este profani.* Αυτος Γραρω,—there you have it!—a word of learned origin. The roots are Greek, but the trunk, leaves and branches are of modern growth. Many persons, however, even now-a-days, write fleetly with their own hands, without being aware that they are perpetrating the very offence in question. But as they have no malice in their hearts, let us forgive them. Only let them not speak lightly of autographs, lest they thereby condemn their own handiwork. Let them not make war on science, for autography, be it known, is a science of the highest order. We thereby ascertain the character of men's minds, their modes of thinking and acting, and their moral temperament with far greater certainty than by the phrenological developments of the cranium. Surely, surely, feeling a man's head, is not as good a test of his mental calibre and other qualifications, as seeing how he can write. In every age, writing,—one's own writing, and not another man's,—has beena fair test of scholarship, and so highly is writing now appreciated in our literary circles, that a learned divine not long since ventured to declare, that the best way to become acquainted with any subject, was to write about it. Orthography, which in the strict sense of the term, means good writing, lies, without doubt, at the foundation of all grammar. Stenography, which I take the liberty to derive from Σθενος strength, and Γραρω to write,—strong writing, because it concentrates much in a narrow compass, is a scholarly accomplishment; but autography, when it unites the properties of correctness and strength together, must be regarded as the most truly graphic and exalted of the three. One's own writing! how delightful! how it cheers the eye! Scholars are apt to call it their bantling, their pet, their little one; and when the little one becomes a thousand, and their own writings are published and attract attention, how their hearts leap within them! This is one reason why plagiarists are viewed with so much disgust; they purloin one's own writings—the scoundrels! They treat autography with contempt. This is the cause too why forgery is looked upon as so high a crime and visited with such condign punishment. Autography suffers, and thereby the private purse and the public faith are endangered. Autography! you may call it a science, if you will;—indeed, it is, as I have shown, a test science, the crowning glory of the whole circle, but then there is nothing unsocial about it, as in the mathematics and other sciences. It draws men together, and warms their hearts towards each other; for next to the cordial grasp of the hands, as a means by which men reciprocate their feelings, is their hand-writing. It restores the

dead to life, and brings them once more into the presence of the living. Their hands touched the paper and traced the very lines which I now see before me! A communication is at once established between us, and when I examine a collection of miscellaneous autographs, I imagine that I am surrounded by my friends, the good and distinguished, both among the living and the dead. I feel that I am in great company. I recal the memory of past times, in which they achieved much for the benefit of science, or the good of their country. My ambition is roused—my admiration kindled, and I connect myself more than ever with my race, and feel a livelier sense of the duties I owe to it. This is a noble influence. It is calculated to enlarge and touch the heart. We cannot—I am sure we cannot hold this silent communication with scholars, statesmen, patriots and christians, and not be sensibly moved. But to avail ourselves of all the advantages of such society, we must come prepared with a proper knowledge of history and the lives of illustrious individuals. We must not thrust ourselves into their presence, without the ceremony of an introduction. If we do so, autography will appear to us of all things most foolish, and we shall see before us, in the choicest papers, only a mass of vile rubbish. We shall feel as awkwardly as the man who attempts to figure in a ball room, without having learned to dance. But to the well informed mind, autographs are a feast of fat things. How much food do they afford to thought! How many materials supply for conversation! People are often silent in company for want of something to talk about. They require subject matter. Autography supplies it. Poetry, criticism, biography, romance, war, achievement;—we pass from one to another without effort. We always find something to amuse, to instruct or to excite. We are never idle, and yet occupation brings with it no weariness. Ah! place me among the autographs for a season. I will hie me to my labour with a cheerful heart. A fine scholar has given us an account of "A Day spent among the Autographs," and of "Another Day among the Autographs,"—precious days surely!—but too brief a space by far! One may devote months to the examination and not tire; yea, if he follow up the inquiries to which these mute records furnish the hint, he may find enough to occupy a whole life. They will open to him volumes of human nature which he never read before. He will see men in every variety of character and circumstance,—will learn their passions, their opinions, their caprices, their weakness and their strength.

Swedenborg tells us, that the angels write in heaven, and that every stroke of their pens, even to their dots and tittles, have a profound meaning. Only think, reader, of spiritual pens guided by angelic love and wisdom! Tommy Moore must have been favored by some such celestial vision, when he wrote his "Loves of the

Angels." Our theory thus gathers strength from an unexpected and bright quarter. Swedenborg was only in advance of the age. His angels were once men, and autography is beginning to teach the same thing in respect to the inhabitants of the earth. The connection between a man's mind and his hand,—between his character and his chirography, has at length been discovered. It is a strange thing,—a wonderful revelation! Some think it a mere mechanical art,—this hand writing,—a mere training of the fingers, and that any witling may achieve it. And so he may; but then, after all, it will be only a booby's hand. No! there is a mystery in hand-writing which those only who are well acquainted with men's hands can properly solve. It tells a tale, and a true one, as plainly as the ideas conveyed by the words of the writer. The hand of most persons varies, no doubt, with the progress of life and with circumstances. The school boy hand of childhood is very different from that of the man of middle life, and this again differs materially from the trembling and often scarcely legible writing of the same person when enfeebled by age or irregular habits. The man agitated by passion writes steadily enough when his love is reciprocated or his anger appeased, and the fair, delicate hand of a woman is discovered by a single glance of the eye. A decidedly clumsy hand proves one of two things,—either a defective education, or careless habits. Autography is a fair index of the sex, the age, the accomplishments, or state of mind of the writer for the time being, and where it is distinguished by uniformity of grace or awkwardness through life, gives us a pretty fair insight into the character of the individual. Now this is all that the most zealous collector of autographs contends for, and is enough to justify his curiosity and stimulate his efforts.

Of the autographs in Mr. Tefft's collection, the most interesting by far to the American citizen, are those of the distinguished statesmen and heroes of the Revolution. Many of these consist of letters written during the progress of the war, and never having been published, are not only matters of literary curiosity, but often throw important light on the course of events and the history of the times. To the biographer, the historian, and the curious and tasteful scholar, they furnish valuable materials for composition, and if they should be published even in their present state, would form a most delightful miscellany of rare information. I shall confine myself to a few specimens taken entirely from the Revolutionary era. In doing this, I intentionally pursue a course different from that of the accomplished author of "A Day among the Autographs," who extended his range to a variety of topics, culling, as he went along, rare flowers of every colour and hue. I propose also to accompany the autographs with a short biographical sketch of each individual; an idea

which will be pursued by Mr. Tefft when he binds his autographs into volumes, and to which he intends to impart an additional interest by facing each specimen, where it is to be procured, with an engraved likeness of the original. The following letter cannot fail to attract attention, and will be read with deep interest. We are informed by Mr. Tefft, that it was sent him by a learned Professor of one of our Northern colleges. It was written by the gallant Moultrie, the hero of Sullivan's Island, and although the superscription is lost, was evidently addressed to General Charles Lee. It is dated "Sullivans, June 22, 1776," and was written only six days before the celebrated battle which has covered his name with immortal honor:

"*Sir*,—

"I am extremely sorry any disorders should happen in a camp which I have the honour to command; but your Excellency will excuse some part, when you come to be more particularly acquainted with the circumstances, especially relating to the firing of the field pieces. I had, at that time, an Artillery officer down at the beach, a very prudent, discreet man, who informed me, when he fired the field pieces, he was not above four hundred yards from a party of the enemy (an officer and twelve Highlanders,) who would certainly have taken our rangers (a lieutenant and two men) had not the field pieces fired upon them.

"I am very sensible of the great importance of the post I now hold, and think it too great a trust for my ability, but will endeavor to make up by exerting myself to the utmost of my power for the honour and safety of my country and the troops under my command.

"I have given Col. Thompson strict orders forbidding his men going over in that loose manner and withont orders to Long Island;—he has promised strict obedience.

"Our field pieces fired this morning at two boats within three hundred yards, endeavoring to pass by I suppose, to reconnoitre the Creeks, but, upon being fired upon went back again.

"We are all much obliged to you for your anxiety for the publick; I am particularly so for your kind concern for my reputation, which I hope will not be sullied in this glorious stage of my life.

"4 o'clock.

"I have just received information from Col. Thompson, that an armed schooner, two tenders and about ten boats are now almost within shot of our centinels at the advanced guard. I have sent over to inform General Armstrong, and desire some assistance if he can spare them, as the enemy seem bent on this post.

"Mr. DeBram is now over at Hadrill's Point; he will return this evening; we shall want some hoes and spades,—I sent a few over to Genl. Armstrong this morning who wrote me for some.

"I wish you would speak to the President about Tuffs. I sent to him to hawl up the Cove, just now, which he did not seem to inclined to do; he told the officer he would speak to General Armstrong. I shall be glad to know

whether the President has given him a counter order to what he sent to me some time ago. I am so unfortunate at this time as to have a small touch of the gout which prevents my going about as I would wish to do, it is doubly hard upon me at this busy time.

Our fresh beef comes down here too late every day; it's just now arrived, and dare say the greatest part unfit to eat being exposed since morning to sun. I am your Excellency's most obt. serv't.



Sullivans, June 22, 1776."

The whole history of General Moultrie is familiar to our readers. It is scarcely necessary to say, that he was an Englishman by birth, but an American in feeling, and that at an early age he became a citizen of Carolina. In 1760 he served under Col. Montgomery in the border wars, and in 1761 at the head of a company, obtained signal advantages over the Indians. He took a decided stand at the commencement of our revolutionary struggle, and received the appointment of a Colonelcy to the main regiment of the South Carolina militia. His noble defence of Sullivan's Island against fearful odds, gave to the British the first experience which they had of American valour in this quarter. In 1779 he, with a small force, resisted the British forces at Beaufort, and completely routed them. He subsequently aided General Rutledge in placing Charleston in a posture of defence against the expected attack of General Provost, and as a proof of the increased confidence in which he was held, received the appointment of Major General. He acquired fresh laurels in the battle of Stono, and was second in command when Charleston was besieged and captured by General Clinton. While a prisoner at Haddril's Point, a remarkable correspondence took place between himself and Lord Montague, which put his integrity to the test. Lord M. urged him to quit the American service and go with him to Jamaica, promising him the restoration of his estates, if he would do so, and that he would relinquish to him the command of a regiment to which he had been appointed, and serve under him. He seconded the proposition by insisting on the claims of their former friendship, the sufferings he had undergone and the calumny he would escape. But this gallant man was not to be tempted.

Spurning the insidious offer, he replied with the spirit of a man of honor,—"The repossessing of my estates; the offer of the command of your regiment, and the honor you propose of serving under me, are paltry considerations to the loss of my reputation; no! not the fee simple of that valuable Island of Jamaica, should induce me to part with my integrity!" In 1782 on an exchange of prisoners at Philadelphia, he received his liberty, and returning to Carolina, was greeted with the enthusiasm due to his worth and eminent public services, and made Governor of the State. This great and good man died at Charleston, Sept. 27th, 1805, in the seventy-sixth year of his age; on which occasion, the State Society of Cincinnati, of which he was President, paid a merited tribute to his memory. "When," say they, "in future ages, men shall seek examples of distinguished worth and excellence; FAME, with delight, shall tell the unshaken faith aud gallant deeds of Moultrie."

The letter, in his own autograph, which we have published, is in keeping with the whole character of the man. In the freedom of a rapid and unrestrained correspondence, it reveals the secret but firm and lofty purposes that actuated his patriotic soul. The promise to "exert himself to the utmost for the honor and safety of his country and of the troops under his command," was most nobly redeemed. And when thanking General Lee for his "anxiety for the public, and particularly so, for his kind concern for *his* reputation," he adds the memorable words, "which I hope will not be sullied in this glorious stage of my life!" does not the modest expression of a generous hope seem to partake of the certainty of prophecy, anticipating the bright achievements which should shortly attend upon his prowess? That was, indeed, a "glorious" passage in the "life" of the veteran; and whatever fears General Lee might entertain for his reputation, (and we know he considered his position an unsafe one,) it assuredly was not "sullied" by the intrepidity he displayed on that occasion.

General Moultrie's hand is a free, upright and bold one, indicating something of the manly spirit that dictated his heroic achievements. His signature is always accompanied by the peculiar flourish attached to it in this instance. What such embellishments mean, must be left to the initiated to determine. They probably serve to identify the writer, and are not easily counterfeited,—a good reason enough for their adoption.

We copy next, the following interesting letter of Henry Laurens, dated Charleston, 5th Dec., 1776, addressed to Genl. McIntosh at Savannah:

"*Dear General*,—"You will learn probably from Gen. Howe, but lest from separation you should not, the intelligence which the President yesterday received from Philadelphia. I will take the liberty of giving it you in gross.

"A gentleman who had made his escape from the enemy's army, about the 10th of Nov., informed Genl. Greene at Fort Lee, that an embarkation was to be made the next day of ten thousand troops for this State; that one hundred transports which were lying ready, were to sail immediately for England. The transports sailed, and after a feint of standing southwardly, bore away to the eastward, and are probably gone with sick and wounded, and possibly with some empty discharged, or may be for provisions both army and fleet are in great want of.

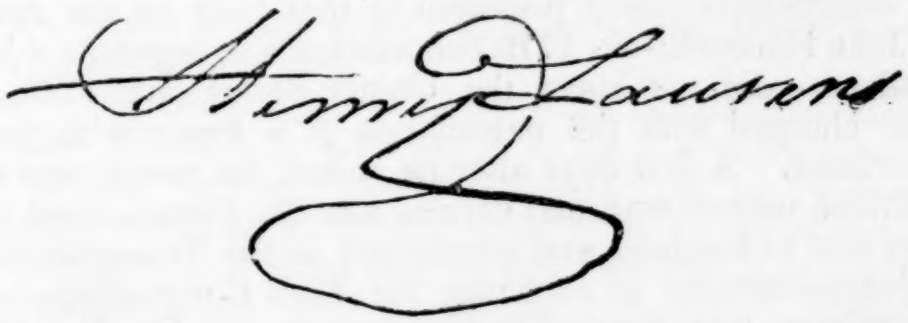
"The master of the vessel from Philadelphia, who brought the letter, assured the President he saw sixteen sail of men of war between the Capes of Delaware and Cape Hatteras; and further, that he was chased by our frigate near this bar; the latter I give him credit for as having a cargo to sell; it appears to me from the range of the sixteen sail, that an attack is intended at Philadelphia or Virginia or both. This is more likely as it is said Lord Dunmore was to command; if a fleet from New York had been bound to Charlestown, the commander would have kept aloof from all those Capes especially at this season of the year. The present blowing wind will decide that point. If they mean Carolina or Georgia, we shall see and hear from them before this reaches you. Be this as it may, it behooves us all to be watchful.

"Genl. Carleton had actually retreated from Crown Point without attempting any thing against our army and garrison at Ticonderoga. A friend writes to me, that I may depend upon it as a fact, Genl. Howe is very badly wounded in the leg by a musket ball; we had been successful in many skirmishes, killed many of the enemy, and that desertions from them were frequent and numerous; the Northern cruizers are daily carrying in prizes. Two expresses sent by the Congress, are on the road with dispatches for this, and no doubt for your State. Lazy dogs! they have been, one 20, the other 21 days, and do'nt appear.

"The best wish to a Georgia General, is peace and harmony in the State! You have that and every other good wish from,—

"Dear General,

Your most obt. serv't.



Attached to this letter is the following postcript:

"I cannot reconcile an attack upon an already obstructed river (Delaware,) every day in danger of being totally stopped up by ice. Sixteen sail of men of war,—no other ships with them,—looks, too, more like a cruize; that can't be the errand in December. Carleton's sudden retreat;

Howe's wheeling from White Plains within his lines,—cruizing of sixteen men-of-war,—sailing of one hundred transports,—report of their intention to attack Carolina through the medium of an honest man who may really think he had run away when they had contrived to let him go—as a proper hand;—all looks like grand stratagem;—since they won't let us into the secret, we must find it out.

"Upon hearing, in England, of our success at Sullivan's Island, the geniuses in the Queen's ware article, immediately struck off mugs and other vessels, with General Washington, superbly mounted on a proud horse of war;—in the back ground the Palmetto Tree, inscribed,

"'GEORGE WASHINGTON, ESQ.,
GENERAL AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE AMERICAN FORCES IN THE UNITED COLONIES.'

"I have seen one of the mugs at the President's. I hope the Punch-bowl, Handkerchief and Garter merchants will as boldly compliment American bravery, and then a fig for Lord North and his Master, and even Lord George Saville in his new name."

The foregoing letter appears to have been written hastily. The dashes are very frequent, occurring often where periods should in strictness be used, and sentences within a paragraph are more generally commenced with small letters than with capitals. The hand is rather small, and in the main very neat; but in the postscript it is considerably larger and heavier than in the body of the letter, occasioned by the wish, doubtless, to render what was hastily written perfectly distinct.

We annex the following brief sketch of this celebrated individual, which is attached to the autograph in Mr. Tefft's collection:

HENRY LAURENS was born in Charleston, South-Carolina, in the year 1724, and was among the foremost in embracing the cause of the Revolution,—President of the first Provincial Congress in Carolina in 1775,—a prominent member of the Continental Congress,—chosen president of that body on the resignation of John Hancock;—in 1779 commissioner to negotiate a loan with Holland,—did not leave the United States until 1780, and was then charged with the negociation of a treaty with the United Provinces. A few days after he sailed, the vessel was taken by a British man-of-war, and carried into St. Johns,—from which he was sent to England, and imprisoned in the Tower for more than a year;—released in exchange for Lord Cornwallis;—soon after his release, was directed by Congress to join Dr. Franklin, John Adams and John Jay, to assist in the negociation for a general peace.

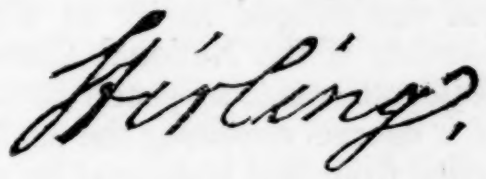
Mr. Laurens returned to the United States in 1784,—retired to private life in his native town, and died on the 8th December, 1792, at the age of sixty-nine.

The following letter of Lord Stirling, one of the favorite Generals of the Revolution, will also be considered a valuable reminiscence. But it may be proper, in advance, to say a word respecting the author of this autograph.

Lord Stirling was of Scotch descent, born in New Jersey, but spent most of his life in New-York, and derived his name from his supposed title to an earldom in Scotland. He was a fine scholar, and equally distinguished in the war of the Revolution for the coolness of his courage and adroit management on several occasions, particularly in the battles of Long Island, Germantown and Monmouth. He was, it is said, one of the most sincere and warm friends of General Washington, and zealously attached to the American cause. He died at Albany, January 15, 1783, aged fifty-nine years, leaving behind him a memory embalmed in the recollections of every patriot.

"CROSS ROADS, NEAR WESTFIELD,
July 3d, 1777. 5 o'clock.

"*Dear Sir,*—I find General Maxwell is retired to lay by a little. I must therefore repeat to you, what I have repeatedly requested of him as a matter greatly desired by General Washington, and that is besides watching the motions of the enemy along the Sound, to get some certain intelligence from Staten Island and New-York, of their movements, preparations or intentions; and I will be with you in the morning, *but say nothing of that.* Your most ob't humble serv't,



"COLONEL DAYTON."

Lord Stirling's hand is a very clear and beautiful one. The manuscript, which is sixty years old, is somewhat mutilated and impaired by the hand of time.

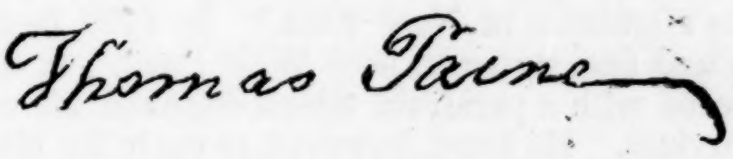
In the parcel before us, is a letter of Thomas Paine,—a man who perhaps did more by his writings to bring about the American Revolution, than any other individual. Of his "Common Sense," published in the memorable year 1776, Dr. Rush remarked, "it bursted from the press with an effect which has rarely been produced by types and paper in any age or country." Then followed those memorable papers entitled "The Crisis," which infused such spirit into our countrymen at the breaking out of the war. Nor did he contribute to the cause of liberty simply by the masterly productions of his pen. His diplomatic talents were also turned to account. In 1777, he was elected Secretary to the

Committee of Foreign Affairs. In 1781, he accompanied Col. Laurens to France, where they obtained for our suffering countrymen a loan of ten millions of livres, and a present of six millions. On his return, he published his Letter to the Abbe Raynal. In 1785, Congress, at the instance of General Washington himself, passed a resolution approving of his "ingenious and timely publications upon the nature of liberty and civil government," and presented him with three thousand dollars from the public funds, which, considering the small ability of the government at that period, was properly called "a liberal gratification." Pennsylvania also voted him £500 as a reward for his public services, and New York complimented him with a fine estate of three hundred acres of land. In 1786, he published his Dissertations on Government, the affairs of the Bank and Paper Money, from which it appears he was sufficiently friendly to banks, and their incorporation by government. Next year he sailed for France, where he exhibited to the Academy of Sciences his model of an *Iron Bridge*, which procured him much reputation as a mechanist both in that country and England, where the use of it was introduced. He visited England in 1787, and published early in 1788 his Prospects on the Rubicon, which was followed next year by the publication in London of the first part of his *Rights of Man.* In 1792 he published the second part of that work, which, being a cutting satire upon the British government, procured him no very enviable celebrity. He was prosecuted for certain libellous passages contained in it, and was obliged to fly to France. He was there appointed a member of the National Convention, and, on the trial of Louis Sixteenth, made a speech in his favor. In 1793, in consequence of a decree requiring the exclusion of all foreigners, he was expelled from that body, and by a subsequent one, passed shortly after, for the imprisonment of residents of France born in England, he was incarcerated for eleven months. It was about this time that he wrote that pestilent work, the *Age of Reason*, which has done such infinite mischief to society, and for which not all his exertions or writings in the cause of liberty can ever atone. In 1802 he returned to this country and published at Washington several letters addressed to the people of the United States. In 1803, he retired to his farm at New Rochelle, in the State of New York, in whose capital he died on the 8th June, 1809, at the advanced age of seventy-two years. Paine was not only a distinguished mathematician and a powerful political writer, but he occasionally paid successful court to the muses. Of his poetical pieces, the best are said to be, the monody on the Death of General Wolfe, and his Castle in the Air. But the splendor of his genius, great as it confessedly was, was dimmed by the noisome effluvia

emitted by his Infidel writings; and the man who exulted in the strength of his own reason, became the victim of habits, which degraded him occasionally to a level with the brutes.

The letter before us is without date, except as to the place where written and the day of the week. It is addressed to Gen. Bloomfield, and runs in the following style:

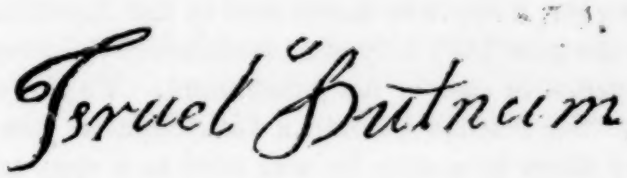
"I send Mr. Wilson the Letter No. 6, for his next paper. I have sent a copy to Mr. Duane for his next paper; and, that Mr. Wilson may not lose a week, I make also another copy for him. Col. Kirkbride joins me in respects to yourself and family.



"BORDENTOWN, Tuesday."

The hand of the writer evidently trembled in penning this note. This might arise from age, but more probably was the result of bodily infirmity. That Paine was in the habit of still writing for the press, is evident from the fact of his preparing three copies of "Letter No. 6" for the newspapers. The writer's hand is fair and open,—somewhat stiff,—such as might be expected from a tradesman, but evincing a due degree of care.

The following signature of Major General Israel Putnam was presented to Mr. Tefft by an eminent jurist of Plainfield, Conn., June 1832. We are sorry that we are unable to accompany it with an original letter, but one has been sought for in vain.



General Putnam was a distinguished soldier in the French and English wars, and subsequently in that of the American Revolution. Born in Salem, Massachusests, January 7, 1718. In 1738, he removed to Connecticut, and commenced farming. In 1755, when the war broke out between France and England, he was appointed to a captaincy. In 1757, promoted to the rank of major by the Legislature of Connecticut;—1758, taken prisoner by the Indians, and suffered every hardship which the savages in their sportive cruelty could invent, or their passion execute;—rescued by Molang, a French partizan officer;—was at the siege of

Montreal in 1760; in 1762, accompanied Lord Albemarle in his expedition against Havana; returned to this country; in 1764, was appointed Colonel, and marched at the head of a regiment against the savages on the western frontier, and again returned to his farm in Pomfret, Ct. In April, 1775, when hostilities commenced between England and the colonies, he left his plough and repaired to the scene of action near Boston. June 19th of that year, was appointed a Major General in the Continental army; took an active part in the battle of Bunker's Hill; after the evacuation of Boston in 1776, he served some time in the vicinity of New York, and superintended the fortifications of Philadelphia. In 1777, he was appointed to the command of a separate army in the Highlands of New York.* In 1779, be commanded the Maryland line, stationed near West Point. In the same year he was siezed with a paralysis, which deprived his country of his useful services. He lived, however, to enjoy the blessings of peace, and to see his country in prosperity. He died at Brooklyn Connecticut, May 29, 1790.†

The autograph of General Putnam is certainly not distinguished by its beauty. It is that of a plain farmer,—of one more accustomed to handle the plough or deal heavy blows with his sword than to wield dexterously his pen. Upon noting its outline—so stiff and yet so open and distinct, who does not see something of the inflexibility of the soldier, united to the steady virtue of the just man and the true patriot? We do not expect to see the Graces waiting on the movements of such men. They are not ambitious of display or decoration either in their person or manners, but none surpass them in the spirit of heroic adventure; none are more ready to undergo the severest hardships and priva-

* During this year, a spy was discovered in the American camp; he was a Lieutenant in the new Tory levy, and reclaimed by Governor Tryson with threats of vengeance in case of his punishment. To this demand, General Putnam replied, "Sir Nathan Palmer, a Lieutenant in your King's service, was taken in my camp as a spy; he was tried as a spy; and you may rest assured, sir, he shall be hanged as a spy. P. S.—Afternoon,—He is hanged. J. Putnam."

† "Among the many worthy and meritorious characters with whom," (says General Washington in a letter of the 20th April, 1783,) "I have had the happiness to be connected in the service through the course of the war, and from whose cheerful assistance in the various and trying vicissitudes of a complicated contest, the name of a PUTNAM is not forgotten: nor will it be, but by that stroke of time which shall obliterate from my mind the remembrance of all those toils and fatigues, through which we have struggled for the preservation and establishment of the rights, liberties and independence of our country."

tions, or to face even death itself, if necessary, in defending principle and maintaining the honor and true interests of their country. Such was Putnam, "a plain, blunt man;"—one whose deeds were of a nature to outlive the "loud huzzas" of the passing moment, and to go down to posterity with increased lustre. He was, in every sense of the word, a hero. General Washington never had a more faithful friend, nor the cause of liberty a more glorious champion.

Mr. Tefft's collection is especially rich in the relics of the Revolution, and I shall, in a subsequent number, furnish other specimens. Those now presented will, I hope, afford gratification to the curious, and convince all, of the importance to be attached to an art, which, if we except printing, has probably contributed more than any other, to the civilization of mankind.* W.

*In commenting upon the letter of General Moultrie, the writer of the foregoing article remarked, that "although its superscription was lost, it was evidently addressed to General Charles Lee." After that portion of the article was in type, it occurred to him, that some reason should be assigned for this opinion. He is happy to be able to assign one, which be thinks will settle the question, at the same time that it exhibits something of the characteristic spirit of John Rutledge, another of the distinguished men of those times.

Col. Garden, in his anecdotes of the Revolution, tells us that Gen. Lee and President Rutledge differed as to the policy of evacuating Sullivan's Island. Gen. Lee styled that post "a slaughter pen, denounced its defence, and pronouncing disgrace on the measure, should it be persisted in, earnestly requested the President to order it to be evacuated;" but that inflexible patriot, confidently relying on Moultrie, heroically replied, "that while a soldier remained alive to defend it, he would never give his sanction to such an order." The result proved the accuracy of his judgment. The following laconic note was at the same time forwarded to Colonel Moultrie:

"General Lee wishes you to evacuate the fort. You will not, without an order from me. I will sooner cut off my hand than write one!

JOHN RUTLEDGE."

The known opinion of Gen. Lee as to the evacuation of Sullivan's Island, coupled with President Rutledge's note to Gen. Moultrie, furnishes a clue as to the address of the letter. It was General Lee, who at that time, entertained a real "anxiety for the publick," and who felt a "concern" for the "reputation" of Moultrie. It was he who feared "for the honour and safety of the country and the troops under" Gen. Moultrie's "command." It could be no other. How gratifying to the feelings of that gallant man must have been the result,—a result which proved that his fears were utterly unfounded!

EDITOR'S PORT FOLIO.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW AND HARRIET MARTINEAU.—The London and Westminster Review for January, 1838, (which has just been republished here,) contains a well written review of Miss Martineau's second book on America, called "Retrospect of Western Travel." From the Review we should judge that this work was of a lighter and more descriptive character than her first, and consisted chiefly of sketches of life and scenery, and portraitures of American public characters. We shall give no opinion upon the merits of this book at present; as we are unwilling to take any thing of Miss Martineau's either upon her own credit or upon the recommendation of others, without an examination for ourselves.

The review is marked *generally* by the same liberal spirit towards this country which has ever distinguished the Westminster Review. The writer takes Grant Thorburn's panegyric upon his adopted home—"It is a fine country for poor people"—as a text for a noble eulogium upon our national institutions. But in his zeal to admire the prosperity and happiness which prevails generally throughout our favored land, the reviewer has committed an act of such gross and glaring injustice towards one section of it, that we cannot allow it to pass unnoticed. He furnishes another proof, if indeed another were wanting, of the ignorance and bigotry which appears to reign universally abroad, respecting the domestic institutions of the South. Some people seem to lose all discrimination and all discourse of reason, when they begin to talk of slavery. The very word sets them mad. Slavery with them is not only the "vulnus immedicabile" of the social system, but the source and root of all other evil, whether moral or political, individual or collective. It is made the scapegoat upon which is to be visited all the sin and calamity, which, from whatever cause, or in whatever way, may befal the community. That our reviewer is touched with this mania, will appear from the following passage from his article: "The districts in this country in which universal suffrage prevails, have been the parts in which prosperity has been developed with a vigor before unknown to man; and *where there was no suffrage for the slave, there is ruin hanging over the rich.*"

The idea that the impoverishment and distress which have fallen upon the people of the South, should be attributed to the institution of domestic slavery, has certainly, so far as our knowledge extends, the merit of originality; and we need hardly add, is as preposterous as it is original. It is not worth our while to attempt a serious refutation of such a palpable ab-

surdity; but we may remark that if "ruin is hanging over us," if our agriculture has been crippled, and our commerce almost totally annihilated, a more obvious and rational cause for such a result may be found in that system of partial legislation, which for years has levied taxes and contributions in one section of the country, and carried them off to be expended in another. Our growth in prosperity was unexampled in rapidity and extent, slavery to the contrary notwithstanding, up to the year 1816, when the first foundations of that iniquitous system were laid; from which precise period, it is too plain for contradiction, that our course has been regularly retrograde and downward. Never did effect more surely follow cause. But we have been seduced from our object, which was to lay before our readers a few of Miss Martineau's descriptions and portraitures, which we have no doubt will prove interesting.

Here is the American Senate:—

"The American Senate is a most imposing assemblage. When I first entered it, I thought I never saw a finer set of heads than the forty-six before my eyes:—two only being absent, and the Union then consisting of twenty-four States. Mr. Calhoun's countenance first fixed my attention; the splendid eye, the straight forehead, surmounted by a load of stiff, upright, dark hair; the stern brow; the inflexible mouth;—it is one of the most remarkable heads in the country. Next to him sat his colleague, Mr. Preston, in singular contrast,—stout in person, with a round, ruddy, good-humored face, large blue eyes, and a wig, orange to-day, brown yesterday, and golden to-morrow. Near them sat Colonel Benton, a temporary people's man, remarkable chiefly for his pomposity. He sat swelling amidst his piles of papers and books, looking like a being designed by nature to be a good-humored barber or innkeeper, but forced by fate to make himself into a mock-heroic senator. Opposite sat the transcendent Webster, with his square forehead and cavernous eyes; and behind him the homely Clay, with the face and figure of a farmer, but something of the air of a divine, from his hair being combed straight back from his temples. Near them sat Southard and Porter; the former astute and rapid in countenance and gesture; the latter strangely mingling a boyish fun and lightness of manner and glance, with the sobriety suitable to the judge and the senator. His keen eye takes in every thing that passes; his extraordinary mouth, with its overhanging upper lip, has but to unfold into a smile to win laughter from the sourest official or demagogue. Then there was the bright *bonhommie* of Ewing of Ohio, the most primitive-looking of senators; and the benign, religious gravity of Frelinghuysen; the gentlemanly air of Buchanan; the shrewdness of Poindexter; the somewhat melancholy simplicity of Silsbee,—all these, and many others, were striking; and for nothing more than their total unlikeness to each other. No English person who has not travelled over half the world, can form an idea of such differences among men forming one assembly for the same purposes, and speaking the same language. Some were descended from Dutch farmers, some from French huguenots, some from Scotch puritans, some from English cavaliers, some from Irish chieftains. They were brought together out of law-courts, sugar-fields, merchants' stores, mountain-farms, forests, and prairies. The stamp of originality was impressed on every one, and inspired a deep, in-

voluntary respect. I have seen no assembly of chosen men, and no company of the high-born, invested with the antique dignities of an antique realm, half so imposing to the imagination as this collection of stout-souled, full-grown, original men, brought together on the ground of their supposed sufficiency, to work out the will of their diverse constituences."

This group in the supreme court is striking:

"At some moments the Supreme Court presents a singular spectacle. I have watched the assemblage while the Chief Justice was delivering a judgment;—the three Judges on either hand gazing at him, more like learners than associates;—Webster standing firm as a rock, his large, deep-set eyes wide awake, his lips compressed, and his whole countenance in that intent stillness which instantly fixes the eye of the stranger,—Clay leaning against the desk in an attitude whose grace contrasts strangely with the slovenly make of his dress, his snuff-box for the moment unopened in his hand, his small grey eye and placid half-smile conveying an expression of pleasure which redeems his face from its usual unaccountable commonness;—the Attorney-General, his fingers playing among his papers, his quick black eye, and thin tremulous lips for once fixed, his small face, pale with thought, contrasting remarkably with the other two;—these men, absorbed in what they are listening to, thinking neither of themselves nor of each other, while they are watched by the groups of idlers and listeners around them,—the newspaper corps, the dark Cherokee chiefs, the stragglers from the far west, the gay ladies in their waving plumes, and the members of either house that have stepped in to listen,—all these I have seen at one moment constitute one silent assemblage, while the mild voice of the aged Chief-Justice sounded through the Court.

"Every one is aware that the wigs and gowns of counsel are not to be seen in the United States. There was no knowing, when Webster sauntered in, threw himself down, and leaned back against the table, his dreamy eyes seeming to see nothing about him, whether he would by and by take up his hat, and go away, or whether he would rouse himself suddenly, and stand up to address the Judges. For the generality there was no knowing; and to us, who were forewarned, it was amusing to see how the Court would fill after the entrance of Webster, and empty when he had gone back to the Senate Chamber. The chief interest to me in Webster's pleading, and also in his speaking in the Senate, was from seeing one so dreamy and *nonchalant* roused into strong excitement. It seemed like having a curtain lifted up, through which it was impossible to pry; like hearing autobiographical secrets. Webster is a lover of ease and pleasure, and has an air of the most unaffected indolence and careless self-sufficiency. It is something to see him moved with anxiety and the toil of intellectual conflict: to see his lips tremble, his nostrils expand, the perspiration start upon his brow; to hear his voice vary with emotion, and to watch the expression of laborious thought while he pauses, for minutes together, to consider his notes, and decide upon the arrangement of his argument."

The following anecdote is characteristic of Mr. Calhoun:

"One incident befel during my stay, which moved every body.—A representative from South Carolina was ill, a friend of Mr. Calhoun's; and

Mr. Calhoun parted from us, one day, on leaving the Capitol, to visit this sick gentleman. The physician told Mr. Calhoun on his entrance that his friend was dying, and could not live more than a very few hours. A visitor, not knowing this, asked the sick man how he was. 'To judge by my own feelings,' said he, 'much better; but by the countenances of my friends, not.' And he begged to be told the truth. On hearing it, he instantly beckoned Mr. Calhoun to him, and said, 'I hear they are giving you rough treatment in the Senate. Let a dying friend implore you to guard your looks and words so as that no undue warmth may make you appear unworthy of your principles.' 'This was friendship,—strong friendship,' said Mr. Calhoun to me, and to many others; and it had its due effect upon him. A few days after, Colonel Benton, a fantastic senator from Missouri, interrupted Mr. Calhoun in a speech, for the purpose of making an attack upon him, which would have been insufferable, if it had not been too absurdly worded to be easily made anything of. He was called to order; this was objected to; the Senate divided upon the point of order, being dissatisfied with the decision of the chair;—in short, Mr. Calhoun sat for two full hours, hearing his veracity talked about, before his speech could proceed. He sat in stern patience, scarcely moving a muscle the whole time; and when it was all settled in his favor, merely observed that his friends need not fear his bring disturbed by an attack of this nature from such a quarter, and resumed his speech at the precise point where his argument had been broken off. It was great, and would have satisfied the 'strong friendship' of his departed comrade, if he could have been there to witness it."

There may be something of caricature in her sketch of Amos Kendall, but the likeness will be recognized:

"I was fortunate enough once to catch a glimpse of the invisible Amos Kendall, one of the most remarkable men in America. He is supposed to be the moving spring of the whole administration; the thinker, planner and doer; but it is all in the dark. Documents are issued of an excellence which prevents their being attributed to persons who take the responsibility of them; a correspondence is kept up all over the country for which no one seems to be answerable; work is done, of goblin extent and with goblin speed, which makes men look about them with a superstitious wonder; and the invisible Amos Kendall has the credit of it all. President Jackson's Letters to his Cabinet are said to be Kendall's: the Report on Sunday Mails is attributed to Kendall: the Letters sent from Washington to appear in remote country newspapers, whence they are collected and published in the 'Globe' as demonstrations of public opinion, are pronounced to be written by Kendall; every mysterious paragraph in opposition newspapers relates to Kendall: and it is some relief to the timid that his having now the office of Postmaster-General affords opportunity for open attacks upon this twilight personage; who is proved, by the faults in the Post-Office administration, not to be able to do quite everything well. But he is undoubtedly a great genius. He unites with his 'great talent for silence' a splendid audacity.

"It is clear that he could not do the work that he does (incredible enough in amount any way) if he went into society like other men. He did, how-

ever, one evening,—I think it was at the Attorney-General's. The moment I went in, intimations reached me from all quarters, amidst nods and winks, 'Kendall is here:' 'That is he.' I saw at once that his plea for seclusion,—bad health,—is no false one. The extreme sallowness of his complexion, and hair of such perfect whiteness as is rarely seen in a man of middle age, testified to disease. His countenance does not help the superstitious to throw off their dread of him. He probably does not desire this superstition to melt away; for there is no calculating how much influence was given to Jackson's administration by the universal belief that there was a concealed eye and hand behind the machinery of government, by which everything could be foreseen, and the hardest deeds done. A member of Congress told me, this night, that he had watched through four sessions for a sight of Kendall, and had never attained it till now. Kendall was leaning on a chair, with his head bent down, and eye glancing up at a member of Congress with whom he was in earnest conversation: and in a few minutes he was gone."

DIARY, ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE TIMES OF GEORGE THE FOURTH, &c. 2 VOLS. CAREY, LEA & BLANCHARD, 1838. To be had at Mr. Beile's.

This is a book of gossip in high life; and will *therefore*, we have no doubt, be read with avidity. It is a Diary or Journal loosely kept, and without any apparent view to publication, by one who was, during a part of the time it embraces, near the person of the unhappy Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline Louisa, the wife of George the Fourth. It is too single in its object, and too limited in its range of topics, to deserve the title to which it aspires, of "Memoirs of the Times of George IV." It will be found interesting, however, inasmuch as it is illustrative of the character and conduct of one of the most extraordinary and unfortunate women of her day.

The Princess Caroline was naturally of an unequal disposition; and her education at an ill regulated court was calculated to foster the bad, rather than the good qualities of her mind. She was of a bold and independent spirit; but her courage sprung more from impulse than from principle. She was indiscreet and wrong-headed; and was in the habit of doing extraordinary things from sheer thoughtlessness, or from the weak vanity of exciting astonishment. But notwithstanding her eccentricities, she had a strength of mind and a real goodness of heart, which, under proper culture and management, would have rendered her an ornament to her station.

The conduct of her husband towards her was unworthy of a prince and a gentleman. He made no allowance for her peculiarities of spirit, and no effort to reclaim her from her foibles and follies. He not only treated her with studied neglect, but subjected her to humiliation and disgrace, under the very eyes of the woman who was recognized as his mistress. After their separation, he or his friends surrounded her with spies; harrassed her with false charges and misrepresentations; and by a system of heartless

and unrelenting persecution, goaded her almost to madness. Her foes knew her weakness, and were but too successful in turning it to their own advantage. Her indiscretion was her bane. It continually betrayed her into false steps and positions. Had she borne her wrongs, grievous as they were, with the dignity becoming her rank and the occasion, she would have triumphed at last over her enemies, and been recognized as the heroine of her age.

As to her *criminality*, it is enough for her friends to say, that it was not proved against her. Such an accusation should never have been made, unless it could be substantiated beyond the least shadow of a doubt. Queen Caroline was not perhaps, as Cæsar's wife should have been, *above suspicion;* but those who thirsted for her ruin, and who would have compassed heaven and earth to accomplish it, failed to establish the fact of her guilt.

These volumes contain several original letters from Her Royal Highness, M. G. Lewis, Sir W. Gell, and other distinguished persons; and also a series of "supplementary letters" upon the evidence taken during *The Investigation.*

The book has been attributed, we know not with what truth, to Lady Charlotte Bury, the authoress of "Flirtation" and "The Divorced."

THE GREAT METROPOLIS.—SECOND SERIES. BY THE AUTHOR OF RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LORD AND COMMONS. 2 vols. E. L. CAREY & A. HART.—1838. To be had at Mr. Beile's.

Mr. Grant is said to be the author of this book. His "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," and the first series of the "Great Metropolis," made something of a sensation, and gave him station in the literary world. His principal merits seem to be diligence in the collection of facts, a spirited and easy style, and a happy talent for the description of persons and scenes.

Those who have never been within the sound of Bow Bells, will find much curious and entertaining matter in these volumes. The fashionable tyranny of Almacks, the ingenious shifts to which the Penny-a-Liners resort in their precarious employment, and the scenes at the public dinners and political meetings of the Destructives, will afford amusement; while much useful and interesting information respecting the Bank of England, Authors and Publishers, and Literature in general, may be found under their respective heads.

We cannot look upon the second series of the "Great Metropolis" as an improvement upon the first. There is not as much intrinsic interest in the topics discussed; while the style and working up of the material betrays the same marks of carelessness and haste. Although Mr. Grant does not strike us as an original or profound thinker, he is certainly equal to more than he has yet achieved. He has thus far written less for fame, than for popularity.

ALABAMA UNIVERSITY. DR. MANLY.—The Address of the Rev'd. Dr. Manly, late of this city, on his Installation as President of this University, has been put into our hands, and we. have perused it with great pleasure. It is an able and eloquent production, full of just reflection, and earnest appeals to the students of the University, which could hardly fail of producing the happiest effects. Dr. Manly left us in possession of an enviable reputation, as a learned, pious, and excellent man. The suavity and simplicity of his manners, added to his known firmness of character, his great industry, and general information,—all served to qualify him in an eminent degree, for the high and honorable station to which he has been called in a sister State. His Inaugural Address promises well for his success. It will be found to contain many interesting reflections on the value of knowledge, and its influence in promoting the happiness of its possessor, and especially in extending the sphere of his usefulness. That part of the Address which embraces the President's solemn devotion of himself to the service of the University, and an appeal to the students to fulfil *their obligations*, will be found deeply interesting.

THE DRAMA.

THE NEW THEATRE.—Mr. Booth has been entertaining us with some specimens of his genius, and eccentricity. In the early part of his engagement, the weakness arising from recent indisposition affected his performances so sensibly, as to damp in a measure the enthusiasm with which his first appearance was greeted. His Sir Giles Overreach and Richard the third, showed only occasional gleams of power. But in Lear, he gave us a touch of his true quality; and his second personation of the Duke of Gloster was, in all respects, worthy of the greatest living representative of Shakespeare's Richard.

Mr. Booth has an innate fitness for his profession. His command of the features and muscles of the face is less the result of art than of nature; and it seems to be almost without effort, that he gives to each feeling and passion its appropriate expression. He has more genius than cultivation; more power than refinement. He wants tenderness; and fails in his exhibitions of the softer and gentler emotions of the soul. This deficiency was particularly manifest in the love passage between Lady Anne and Richard, and in some of the touching appeals which the wretched Lear makes to his ungrateful daughters.

The novelties are nearly all over.—The season is drawing to a close; and those who have borne the heat and burden of the day, are coming forward to seek the reward of their steady and successful exertions to please.

NOTICE TO POSTMASTERS.

Postmasters are requested to return all copies of the Journal, published ... of the first number, not taken from their offices.

SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL,

AND

MAGAZINE OF ARTS.

B. R. CARROLL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

ASSISTED BY SEVERAL LITERARY GENTLEMEN.

It has been determined to resume the publication of the Southern Literary Journal, from a conviction very generally felt and expressed, that the South stands in this time in peculiar need of such a periodical. The motive for reviving the Southern Review seems to have been relinquished; and while the Northern and Middle States have perhaps twenty magazines, we can count [illegible] besides our own in the whole range of country South of the Potomac. Such a [illegible] is disadvantageous and disparaging to our Literary character; and is certainly not warranted by the comparative taste, talent and wealth of the two sections of the country. Why should the South distrust herself when the genius of her sons is [illegible] encouragement, and achieving triumphs abroad; and why should she suffer her [illegible] literary enterprises to languish and fail for want of timely aid, at the very time she is [illegible] giving a liberal, and in many cases, a well deserved patronage on those of other portions of the country? It is full time that she should learn to be just and true to herself, and [illegible] generous to others.

Besides, our peculiar policy renders it highly desirable, if not necessary, that we should possess an organ to which we may entrust the [illegible] and defence of our domestic institutions, and upon which we may be able at all times to rely, as identified with us in feeling, principle and interest. If the people of the South would begin to think, write, print and publish for themselves, they would not only furnish opportunity for the developement of our native mind and [illegible] provide themselves a surer security against the propagation of writings and [illegible] destructive of their dearest interests.

It is with a view, therefore, to encourage a home [illegible] to raise the standard of our literary character, and to call out the intellectual [illegible] of our region, that this periodical has been revived.

The Southern Literary Journal and Magazine of Arts is a monthly publication devoted chiefly to miscellaneous literature.

It will contain Select Poetry, Essays and Tales;

Sketches, Historical and Graphic, illustrative of character, or descriptive of scenery, incidents and adventure.

Reviews and Critical Notices of the publications of the day.

General Literary Intelligence, foreign and domestic.

Occasional Speculations on topics of general interest, and on subjects falling properly within the range of philosophy and science.

Due attention will be paid to the Fine Arts and the Drama.

The Editor has secured such literary co-operation as he thinks, will enable him to give interest and variety to his pages, and [illegible] the support of the intelligent citizens.

CONDITIONS.

The Southern Literary Journal will be published in monthly numbers, (to be issued on the 15th day of each month,) of at least [illegible] pages each, on fine [illegible] paper, and neatly printed, at Five Dollars per annum, [illegible] payable in advance.

☞ The postage of this Magazine, containing four [illegible], is 6 cents; [illegible] 16 cents.